





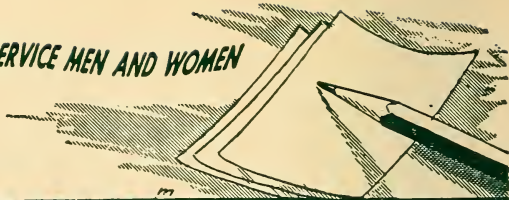
The LINK



December, 1947
15 cents

Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

BY MAYO CORNELL



CHRISTMAS is not primarily a season, not a holiday, not a reciprocity of giving. It is an attitude of mind and spirit. Christmas is but a salute to that attitude, a reminder that the things that are seen, like the gifts and the tree, are "temporal," but that the unseen things are in truth "eternal."

Christmas is a salute to a Baby Who, born in a manger, rose to the royal status of King of men's hearts, and a salute to the power of the only unconquerable thing in the world: *The human spirit.*

For Christmas presents the awe-inspiring, magnificent pageant of Common Man marching onward and upward against apparently insurmountable obstacles and discouragements. And it seems to this writer that the symbol of Christmas, as we know it, is vitally needed to remind careless observers of the measure of man's courage, the height of his faltering ideals, his beautiful tenacity where things of the spirit are concerned.

True, the world picture looks baffling and dark this year of 1947. We had such hopes of a brave new world, such splendid faith that the end of the war would bring peace. Without the reminder of spiritual values *behind* the Tree, we are apt to sigh dejectedly and ask: "What, finally, did we get out of it all, this war, this bloodshed and sweat for an ideal?" But Christmas replies patiently:

"We didn't fight a war to 'get' anything. We fought a war for basic values which lie in the realm of the spirit, not for material things like boundaries and raw materials and international trade to hang upon a tree!"

And if, as this writer believes, we are painfully and gradually acquiring these values and inching our way towards world understanding, peace, and human contentment for all, then this Christmas of 1947 is bound to be important and far-reaching and infinitely rewarding. Let us believe that it presages even brighter Christmases to come; let us work and pray and hold faith to that end!

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DELMAR L. DYRESON, Editor

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Gish, Gary Cooper, Ethel Barrymore, Claude Rains, Claudette Colbert and many others. She has also worked as a reader in the editorial departments of Warner Bros. Pictures and 20th Century Fox.

Miss Lieberman is at present doing free lance fiction and working in the professional Short Story Workshop at Columbia University.



David McNeil (*Christmas Interlude*, page 32) brings to us an account of a personal experience which occurred while he was serving with an Army Anti-Aircraft unit in Luxembourg. During his four and one-half years of service he also saw duty in Iceland, England, France, Germany and Austria first as a cannoneer and then as a radio-switchboard operator.

Mr. McNeil, who now lives in Philadelphia, is active in the young people's work of his local Methodist church and has contributed plays and short stories to several religious youth papers.

Peter Glorie (*There Is a Santa Claus*, page 3) is a modest soul. He feels the less said about himself the better, but our editorial listening post was able to discover that he is a former Army Sergeant and that at present he and his wife of one year are living in New York. We hope he will find time to do more stories for us.



When **Mark Finley** (*Mickey Mouse: Symbol of Faith*, page 13) met his friend, Bob Hope, in Marseille while the latter was on a tour of France, he heard the amazing story of how Editor Bancal had beaten the Nazis at their own game of psychology and conceived the idea of writing this story.

Finley, who holds the Bronze Star for his work in re-establishing the principles of a Free Press in France, was then a Lt. Colonel in charge of Public Relations for the French Riviera and 40% of the rest of French territory under Brigadier General J. P. Ratay, commanding general of the Belta Base Section. It required nearly a year for him to piece the story together because of Bancal's reticence to talk about himself and his part in the resistance.



Rosalie Lieberman (*Back Page Story*, page 17) has had feature interview articles in the *Sunday New York Times*, *Herald-Tribune*, *Screenland* and *Picture Play*, having interviewed such interesting people as Katharine Cornell, Lillian



This Month's Cover

We searched high and low into every nook and corner to find a Christmas gift just for you. Finally we decided the thing you'd want most would be a "little bit of home."

Our artist said, "It can be done." It has been done! And so a very Merry Christmas to each of you who come from all forty-eight states in this our wonderful U.S.A.



There IS a Santa Claus

by
Peter Glorie

"POP" Walton was nothing more than a tramp. At least that is what The Ladies of the League for the Betterment of Quincy Falls thought. And they should know—after all weren't they *The Ladies of the League* for the Betterment of Quincy Falls?

The menfolks of Quincy were quite indifferent in their opinions about Pop. After all, he bothered no one and he could tell the best darn hunting and fishing yarns in all the county. Matter of fact, most of the men envied the old man. And why shouldn't they? Pop was certainly the happiest man in town. He had no troubles and no wife. He worked only when he felt like it—but that wasn't very often.

On hot summer afternoons, when all the folks were sweltering in their stuffy offices or slaving in the steaming factories, old carefree Pop Walton would come sauntering down the main street, his round and generous belly quivering with every step like Jell-o on Sunday night, his cherry-red face gleaming with perspiration and his eyes, like twin chips of jasper, blinking in the sun. Pop's lips would be puckered up to the tune of "Down by the Old Mill Stream," and on his shoulder would be bouncing his lucky fishing pole. Little wonder that

the men of Quincy envied Pop—especially on days like those.

All the children of the town loved Pop. He'd fix their toys for them and tell them wonderful stories of green-eyed dragons and fearless knights. From him they learned the names of the trees and birds when he took them on hikes through the woods. He showed them where the rabbits lived and how the beavers built their houses. And it seems that Pop always found a penny in his pockets whenever one of the poor kids from Hogan's Alley, the slums of Quincy, was "jes' dyin' fer a penny-cone."

Christmas time was one of those rare spans of time when Pop felt like working. For eighteen Christmas seasons he had been the Santa Claus in the Trimble Brothers Department Store, Toyland, fourth floor.

Every year, from the first of December until the day before Christmas, Pop Santa Claus would sit proudly on his throne of simulated cakes of ice and rule the realm of jumping jacks and mama dolls with a warm smile and an attentive ear. Quincy's tiny-tot population would line up to unfold their heart's desires for Christmas, to Pop Santa. And he, with a merry twinkle in his eye and an assuring pat on the head, promised them faithfully that if they were good little

boys and girls, Santa would be sure to visit them on Christmas Eve with all the things that they wanted. That was Pop's job and he had been happy with it all those past years.

Now it was another Christmas season and Pop was once again putting on the bright red royal robes of his department store kingdom. He had no need for a pillow to stick behind his belt, for Pop was properly moulded for Santa Claus. His blowzy cheeks were as red as his uniform and his laugh as comforting and friendly as a Yule-log fire.

Every evening at nine o'clock when Pop stepped out of his Santa Claus guise he also took off his easy smile. The old man loved his work—the feel of the small hands in his as the kids came up to shake hands with Santa; the identical awe on the youngsters' faces as they found themselves face to face with the fat man who they believed held the solution to all their Christmas problems in his far off North Pole abode.

Yes, Pop was fond of all that. He'd write down the things that the kids told him that they wanted. Then unseen by the young ones, Pop Santa Claus would slip the list to a waiting parent, who would see to it that their youngsters' stockings were well filled with the very things Santa promised to bring them.

That part of playing Santa was easy and pleasant. It made him tingle all over. But these tingles of satisfaction would freeze into icy chills whenever one of the poor kids from Hogan's Alley made the pilgrimage to the House of Santa. Pop would listen to their requests. They were always simple; just a small doll or a pair of roller skates. Some of them didn't ask for themselves; it was for a sick brother or sister. And not all of their requests were for toys. Many asked for food—they didn't expect

Santa Claus to bring them a turkey, or even a chicken—just "somethin' good to eat" would be okay.

Pop took down their names and their requests, but there never were any waiting parents to slip the lists to. Even if there had been they couldn't afford to get the things they knew their children wanted. It seemed to Pop that Santa Claus was pretty helpless when it came to poor people.

One afternoon a small wide-eyed girl, bundled in a patched homemade coat, walked up to Santa Claus Walton and made a neat curtsy.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Santa Claus."

Pop looked down from his icy throne upon the tiny citizen of Hogan's Alley.

"Good afternoon, young lady. Come on up here on Santa's knee and tell him what your troubles are."

The wee lass moved closer. Pop Walton picked her up and placed her on his expansive lap.

"Now suppose you tell Santa your name and what you want for Christmas."

"My name's Pandy Perkins, Mr. Santa Claus, and for Christmas I would like a little woolly doggie because my real doggie Willikins got runned over by a truck." She was all out of breath when she finished.

"A little woolly doggie named Willikins," Pop repeated the words as he wrote down the information, "and what else would you like, Pandy?"

"Just the doggie, Santa, and please don't get losted again this year. Last Christmas we waited for you and you never came." She stopped and thought for a few seconds. "But then I guess Hogan's Alley is kinda hard to find at night, isn't it, Santa?"

Pop quickly wiped away a tear and answered, "Yes, it is, but this time I'll find it, Pandy, don't you worry."



PANDY
WALKED AWAY
HAPPY
and
CONFIDENT

Chapman

Those December days of Pop's reign as Santa Claus passed swiftly. "It hardly seems possible that tomorrow is Christmas," he thought as he took off his red coat in the company's locker room for the last time until next year. His mind was filled with the blank promises he had made to the youngsters while playing his part of Santa Claus. The promises to the Hogan's Alley kids haunted Pop's thoughts mostly, for there was no one to see that they would get the things that they had asked Santa for. It was the same every Christmas—the kids would wait for ol' Kris and his reindeer, with all the hope their little hearts could hold—but Kris never came to Hogan's Alley.

Pop rolled his Santa Claus suit into a bundle and tucked it under his arm. At the employee's exit the night watchman greeted him.

"Merry Christmas, Santa Claus. Don't forget to bring back that suit when you have it cleaned."

Pop squeezed his bundle a bit tighter. "Okay, Sam. Merry Christmas to you."

The door leading to the main floor opened and the manager of the department store called out.

"Just a minute, Mr. Walton. I'd like to speak to you."

Mr. Walton turned around and walked back to where the manager was standing.

"Yes, Mr. Fink?"

"May I see your Santa Claus uniform, Mr. Walton? I guess it's about time we got you a new one."

Pop's hand shot up to the bundle under his arm. "No, Mr. Fink, this one will do fine. It's as good as . . ."

Before Pop had a chance to finish, the store manager yanked the bundle from under his arm. As the Santa Claus uniform unrolled, a toy woolly dog fell out of it to the floor.

"Just as I suspected, Mr. Walton. Toys have been missing from the fourth floor ever since you came to work for us this year." Mr. Fink motioned to the night watchman. "Call the police, Sam. Santa Claus is under arrest."

The sergeant at the police station quainted down on Pop from his high bench.

"You have no children, Pop. What in the heck did you want with all them toys?"

Pop made no attempt to answer, but Mr. Fink rushed up to him and waved a piece of paper under Walton's nose.

"Here's a list of the things he walked out with. Over two hundred dollars worth of toys."

"Two hundred bucks worth of toys," the sergeant whistled, as Mr. Fink handed him the list. He read aloud from the paper: "One pair of boxing gloves; three talking dolls; a pair of ice skates; four boxes of ca . . ."

"I've got it, sergeant, I've got it as sure as me name is Patrolman Brady." The young officer who had brought Pop to the station was pounding on the sergeant's desk with his open hand.

"What is it that you've got all of a sudden, Officer Brady, a stroke?" the sergeant asked.

"The toys, sergeant, the toys," Brady was bubbling over with information. "As you know, my beat is over around Hogan's Alley. Well, only today I noticed that a lot of the kids there were playin' with new toys, so I asked them where they got them. And they told me, if you please, that Santa Claus at Trimble's promised them that they would get them, and they did."

His mouth open with surprise, the sergeant asked Pop to step closer to the bench.

"Is *that* what you did with the toys, Pop Walton?"

Pop wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "Yes, sir . . . but I had to do something, sergeant. I couldn't stand by, doing nothing, any longer. Those poor kids, with never a toy to play with, and me promising them, year after year. Some toys I bought with my pay, but I couldn't afford to buy all of them. Don't take those toys away from those kids, sergeant. Lock me up, but let them kids have this one happy Christmas. Let them believe that there really is a Santa Claus."

The hard-boiled sergeant pulled out a handkerchief and blotted a tear escaping down his cheek.

"Mr. Fink, do you want to press charges against Mr. Walton?"

"All I am interested in is getting the money for those toys," answered Mr. Fink.

Pop dug into his pocket. "I've got my week's wages and about twenty dollars in my shack. That's forty-five dollars altogether." He started to hand his salary to the sergeant. The sergeant shook his head from side to side.

From the rear of the room a voice halted Pop's hand in mid-air.

"I will make good the gentleman's fine." The speaker approached the desk. "How much is it?"

The officer at the desk studied the short, round and well dressed figure for a moment, then looked toward Mr. Fink. The startled store manager stammered:

"Two hundred—two hundred and twenty-seven dollars."

"Here you are, Mr. Fink." The man threw back his black cape and counted out the exact amount.

"I don't know who you are, mister, but thanks," the sergeant said. "Now would you mind signing the record book? Name and address—a mere formality, you know, Mr. Ah-ah-ah," the officer fished for a name.

"Indeed I will, officer." He took a pen and wrote across the page. "And now a Merry Christmas to you all."

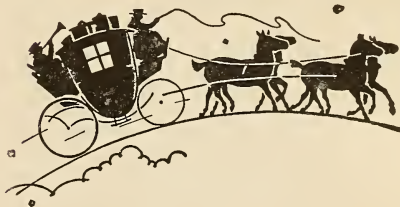
He walked over to Pop Walton and put his hand upon the old man's shoulder.

"May I shake your hand, Mr. Walton, and thank you for your help? Good night, and the Merriest Christmas of all to you." At the door he turned and smiled, then disappeared.

"Case dismissed," the sergeant said with a smile. Then he looked down at the record book.

In a large and bold script, across the page, there was written:

SANTA CLAUS . . . *North Pole.*



MY CHRISTMAS BUDGET

BY LAURA SIMMONS

THOSE cheery little words I never spoke—

The friendly deeds I always meant to do—

The notes I never got around to write
I send them now, my Christmas gift
to you!

Oh, very heavy is the pack, I fear
But courage comes to me this blessed
day;

So—please accept one whole neglectful
year

Of jolly things my heart would do
and say!



ONE hundred years ago, Brigham Young, weak with mountain fever, arose from his sick-bed in a travel beaten carriage and surveyed the vast expanse of Utah terrain before him.

He saw a great plain rippling with small red and brown hills, and blankets of rusty sandstone stretched out to the east as far as his eyes could reach. Fresh green trees peeked out of the canyons and sunburned mountains wearing caps of glistening white snow stared back in silence. Cerulean-blue skies reflected their beauty in the mirror of a distant turquoise lake which sparkled like a jewel in the hot sun.

That same sun dried and cracked the earth and burned whatever vegetation managed to grow in the sandy earth. Tall thin stalks of yellow-faced sunflowers defied the scorching sun and the salt and grew, only to become the victims of the parasitic black crickets. A bumper crop of sage-brush flourished with mock fertility.

Brigham Young slowly closed his tired eyes. He had seen this valley before, in his visions. After several min-

utes of complete silence Brigham opened his eyes and turned to his friend, Wilford Woodruff, and said.

"It is enough. This is the place."

Today, a centennial monument of shining bronze and granite stands on the very spot where Brigham Young, the Moses of the Mormons, uttered those epic words on the 24th of July, 1847.

And on that great desert plain, that "place," which Brigham chose as the New Jerusalem for his poor and homeless Latter Day Saints, stands even a greater monument . . . the beautiful modern city of Salt Lake.

The Mormons, once persecuted and penniless, are today financially independent. Their co-operative way of life and their ideas of self-sustenance, as a group, still persist. The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints now owns and operates banks, sugar refineries, factories, department stores, publishing houses, farms and coal mines. They are almost wholly self-sufficient.

All this is indeed a far and distant cry from the days when the Mormons were but nomads, seeking escape from

a merciless civilization. Ever since the founding of their sect, by Joseph Smith, on April 6, 1830, in Fayette, New York, the Latter Day Saints had been driven from place to place by enemies who killed and plundered them pitilessly.

From New York the Mormons moved to Kirkland, Ohio and from there to Missouri. Here the "Saints" prospered, but their neighbors, who were non-members of their church, were alarmed by the envelopment of the compact Mormon community that progressed so successfully as a body and proved too much competition for mere individuals. The conflict grew and the citizens of Jackson County formed a mob and burned the Mormon houses and drove the families out of the county.

For several years the Latter Day Saints moved from county to county in Missouri. First welcomed, then as they prospered they were driven away by the envious populace. Then as a final blow the Governor of Missouri, Lillburn W. Boggs, issued an ultimatum; the Mormons had to leave Missouri as a body or be wiped out . . . unless they were willing to renounce their religion and live as non-Mormon Missourians.

The Saints chose the freedom of religion. The ensuing exodus out of their Zion was filled with misery and despair. Prosperous farmlands were bartered for old wagons and horses and some of the Mormons were forced to give up their lands at the point of a muzzle aimed at their heads.

A popular hymn among the Mormons immortalizing their oppression in Missouri was written by Parley P. Pratt:

"Missouri,

*Like a whirlwind in its fury,
And without a judge or jury,
Drove the saints and spilled their blood."*

It was a sad spring in the year 1839 when the Mormons, twelve thousand of

them, fled from Missouri into Illinois. There they were greeted with compassion and kindness by the people who had heard tales of their miserable treatment in Missouri.

The Mormons bought a small swampy town called Commerce, which was considered unhealthy and useless by the Illinois people. The town however possessed rich soil and a beautiful view over the river. The Saints changed the name of the town to "Nauvoo," which their Prophet explained meant, beautiful.

Hard work followed and the malaria infested swamp was turned into a prosperous farmland and new buildings were erected in the city. Work on a temple had begun for the purpose of an eternal habitation for the Lord. Joseph Smith received a revelation from God on the 19th of January 1841, telling him to command his people to begin to work on the temple. The neighbors marveled at all this progress and energy but the Latter Day Saints gave full credence for their deeds to the inspiration of God.

At last it seemed as if the Mormons had found their true Zion. But on the 27th of June, 1844, a mob of anti-Mormons assassinated their Prophet, Joseph Smith, the man to whom the angel Moroni entrusted the golden plates of the Book of Mormon. Tempers flared and hatred for the Mormons mounted. Newspapers appealed daily for the expulsion of the Saints from Illinois.

After the death of their Prophet, the Mormons chose the President of the Twelve Apostles, Brigham Young, and the Twelve, as the leaders and guardians of the Church of the Latter Day Saints.

As the days passed words changed into action and in Lima, Illinois, a mob set fire to 175 houses after the Mormons refused to heed a warning to abandon

their homes and leave town. More and more homes were burned and people were murdered. Rather than risk more lives, Brigham Young and the Twelve decided that the Mormons should leave Nauvoo. Not a single Mormon was to be left in Nauvoo by the spring of 1846.

Every house in Nauvoo was turned into a workshop. Property again was sacrificed in exchange for transportation; wagons, horses, oxen. Even though they were leaving the city the Mormons made frantic efforts to complete the erection of the Nauvoo Temple. God had commanded them to build it, and build it they would.

Early in the February of 1846 Brigham Young and the Twelve Apostles, with two thousand Mormons crossed the Mississippi River and made camp on Sugar Creek. This was the genesis of an exodus unparalleled in modern history. Fifteen thousand Mormons following their leader out of the house of bondage seeking the Promised Land.

The temperature that February 15th was 20 degrees below zero. The great Mississippi was frozen solid and snow covered the ground. In a hut by the road a group of women held dishes over a laboring expectant mother, to keep the sleet and snow from her and her newborn baby while she was giving it birth. In that freezing camp, nine babies were born.

After two weeks the Mormons broke camp. The freezing weather was over but now the roads were rivers of mud and the oxen pulling the heavy wagons were able to make only five miles of progress during a whole day. Rain flooded the rivers which made them impossible to cross. Wet and cold with mud up to their ankles, the Mormons could do nothing but wait until the rivers subsided. For lack of grass the

animals had to live on bark and limbs of trees.

The first group of Mormons were joined by fresh parties of Nauvoo exiles. In June, when the rain ceased, the wagons in the Saints' caravan numbered over 3000. After the rains came the mosquitoes, bringing with them pestilence and fever. There were so many victims it was not possible to dig graves fast enough to bury all of the dead.

Back in Nauvoo the anti-Mormon gangs struck their final blow. They heaped ridicule and insult upon the Temple and drove the old and sick Mormons out of the city. Col. Thomas L. Kane (a member of the Mormon camps, but not a Mormon himself) paid a visit to Nauvoo after the departure of the Mormons. He said, "I felt it necessary to tread on tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church, to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors."

July found the Mormons at the Missouri River, on the spot which now is the present site of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Some of them went across to Nebraska and established a settlement which they named Winter Quarters. This was to be their half-way station, important for the future Mormon wagon-trains heading westward. Under the direction of Brigham Young a flour mill was erected. The manufacture of washboards and willow-baskets was begun and these were sold in nearby Missouri towns.

A Captain James Allen, of the United States Army, rode into the Winter Quarters one day and asked for Brigham. The Captain revealed President Polk's request for five hundred Mormons for service in the Army in the war against Mexico. Brigham Young in his speech to the Mormons concerning the drafting of the required men said:

"After we get through talking, we will

call out the companies; and if there are not young men enough we will take the old men, and if they are not enough we will take the women."

The Saints chosen for service in the Army were known as the Mormon Battalion.

The hard winter over, Brigham Young decided it was time to start for the Promised Land in the west. A pioneer party was to go first, later a larger group of the Saints were to follow. The rest were to remain and plant new crops until Brigham returned from the new Zion.

On the morning of April 7, 1847, Brigham and a party of 148 of his people, including three women and two children, rolled their wagons westward. The pioneer party consisted of all kinds of conveyances; prairie schooners with wooden hoops; heavy carts followed by two-wheeled trundles; huge wagons; all jogged along the rough ground heading into the vast unknown.

Enormous prairie fires forced them to alter their courses and add many extra miles to their trip. The smoke and ashes blackened their faces and smelled up their clothes. Endless miles of desolation faced them all day, every day. Their dust covered wagons stumbled along roadless prairies, through dirty seas of sandy grey dirt and ugly prairie grass. Always the same hills, in front of them, behind them, all around them. Miles and miles of depressing, monotonous sage-brush, stretching, forever stretching, before them. The constant, wearisome sameness of the plains made men weep and the deathlike stillness haunted them during the days and robbed them of their sleep at night.

The impetuous desire within the Mormons' hearts to find their new Zion struggled to free itself and awaken the stillness of the plains. Their burning eagerness to see their Promised Land

made more unbearable the intense hush and solemn weariness of the wasteland.

At times herds of buffaloes, thousands in number, thundered across the plains and afforded the Mormons with relief in scenery and diet. But after the galloping herds were gone, the prairies echoed with their hollow hoof beats and the plains complained with a stillness which made them more destitute and forlorn than before.

The Saints' dull life changed for the better as soon as they left the plains behind them and arrived at the foothills of the Rockies. Clusters of green vegetation appeared and cool springs of mountain water became plentiful. Most welcome of all was the hard surface of the road which enabled them to make better time, now about fifteen miles each day.

To avoid competition with non-Mormon wagon trains for fodder and food, Brigham Young chose to leave the established trail and blaze a new path to the north of the Platte River. For many years after, this trail was known as the "Old Mormon Road."

When the emigrants reached the Sweet-water River in June, the scenery and weather changed again. Steep hills of rugged rock challenged their travel-worn wagons. The early mornings and the nights were bitter cold, snow and ice filled the mountain streams.

A month later came the dreaded mountain fever. Scores of the Saints were shaken with a fantastic frenzy and suffered crushing headaches and flaming temperatures. Swarms of mosquitoes invaded the camps and gave the men and animals no peace. On the evening of July 12th, Brigham Young was tossing and raving in a violent delirium . . . a victim of the fever.

As the Mormons neared the Green River they met other members of their

sect, the discharged Saints of the Mormon Battalion. There was great rejoicing. With them came a Mormon leader from California, Samuel Brannan, who wished to speak with Brigham Young. He begged Brigham to forsake his trek to the Great Salt Lake and come with him to the fertile sun-basked valleys of California. Brigham refused to deviate from his chosen course. This irked Brannan and he left for California by himself.

Ill with fever and firm in his belief that he would soon reach the Promised Land, Brigham Young pushed on. At South Pass the Mormon Moses met with Jim Bridger, famous trapper and trader who had explored the Salt Lake valley. He warned the sick man that the soil there was too gravelly and alkaline to respond to cultivation. In his heart Brigham knew that crops would grow there and nothing could shake him from his belief. Before he started again, the trapper offered Young one thousand dollars for the first bushel of wheat or corn produced in the Great Valley of the Salt Lake.

The Saints turned off the Oregon trail at Fort Bridger and headed south. Into the high and irregular hills the caravan of the homeless rumbled. The noise from the heavy wooden wheels resounded through the mountains thunder-like. Great mountain peaks covered with snow looked down upon the long winding line of fugitives from the land of "Egypt" and said nothing. Higher and higher the pioneer train ascended over roads that were but narrow mountain passes overhung by jagged points of dusty red rock.

Brigham Young was too ill to continue. He dispatched an advance party to go on ahead. When they returned, a bed was put into a carriage for the stricken Brigham Young and he was

driven to a spot overlooking one of the grandest creations of the Almighty . . . the Great Salt Lake Valley of Utah.

A few minutes later Brigham Young announced, "This is the place."

When asked why and how he came to decide upon the Great Salt Lake as *the place*, Brigham Young answered, "I do not want people to understand that I had anything to do with our being moved here; that was the providence of the Almighty; it was the power of God that wrought out salvation for His people. I never could have devised such a plan."

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Have you been wishing you had something to do in your spare time? Something beside going to a movie or reading books? (These are good pastimes too.)

Beginning with the January issue, LINK plans to bring to you a new series of articles on the subject of hobbies. We hope you will find something in these pages during the coming months which will be of real interest to you.

Stamp Collecting is the subject of the first article in the series. It has been prepared by one who knows stamps from the inside, having been a collector himself for many years.

Perhaps you already have an unusual hobby and would like to tell others about it through us. If so, let us hear from you.

MICKEY MOUSE:



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Symbol of Faith

By Mark Finley

ONE of the most fascinating stories of modern literature—a story of Christian Faith and of Mickey Mouse as its symbol—has just come to light in southern France, where the meek and simple people of the land once were given an inspired message in a very clever way.

A fiery editor, one Leon Bancal, sat restlessly at the keys of an old typewriter in his cluttered redactor's office in Marseille. The cadence of jackboots already was echoing through the narrow cobblestone streets of the ancient town and the German occupation forces moved in.

The sands of time were running fast and he knew the life of his newspaper soon might be cut short by the Gestapo. They just moved in and cheerily told you not to publish any more. If they

suspected you of any underground tendencies they asked you to come along with them to headquarters for a friendly chat.

But Editor Bancal, himself a man of Faith, determined he would send one last message to his God-fearing readers . . . a message of resistance . . . a message of Faith that God would not let anyone destroy the spirit of France.

What if he were caught? Well, mes amis, what is one Frenchman's life if he can throw the torch to so many at a time like this?

Harsh, guttural commands rang through the pleasant little sun-splashed parks and the quaint Provencal streets of the ancient Rhone Valley town. Already the theaters had been ordered to discontinue showing Americans films within a fortnight.

Bancal ruminated that his message must be cunningly entwined in simple terms in order to evade the sharp suspicions of the police inquisitors.

Then his mind hit on Mickey Mouse . . . a poor creature that was the prey of evil forces, carried up by the sail of a windmill, crushed under a roller, thrown from a third-story window . . . all for amusement of motion picture audiences. But, really, wasn't that what was beginning to happen to the people of France?

And so, as the Mediterranean sun cast long shadows from the steeples of the Marseille churches, and the late afternoon breezes whispered through the canvas of the little fishing boats that bobbed on the blue waters of nearby Vieux Port, he began his powerful editorial.

Pretending to regret that the Germans had banned Mickey Mouse, he drove home his message of faith and resistance and at the same time warned those dallying citizens who had mistakenly

believed the arrival of the Nazis would be a good thing for France.

Thus, Bancal had a purpose of double entendre, and he wrote:

GOODBYE, MICKEY!

So, it's true. You are leaving us, Mickey? After the fifteenth of October, 1942, we won't see your little upturned nose, your fan-like ears, your short skinny legs and your double-soled shoes on the screen which shows us the miracle of the two worlds—the Real and the Imaginary.

Your departure will make the kiddies sad. . . . The grown-ups themselves will regret you, Mickey. . . . Not all of them perhaps. But certainly those whose imagination has not become blunted by life.

To this pleasure was added another. We were happy when you appeared,

because we knew that man played no part in your adventures. What a blessing to a generation which has lived through and participated in two wars.

No part? . . . Perhaps that's saying too much. In everything human, man is always present; if not in person, at any rate in his inventions, which sometimes prove diabolical for little mice like you.

"How ridiculous," they will say, "to lament the departure of Mickey at a time when the whole world, as in the throes of childbirth, thunders and erupts like a volcano. After all, this little rat and his companions were only imported characters.

"They clearly display their origin. For example, this Minnie—doesn't she arouse suspicion? Her spotted dress, her airy walk and her exciting chases, impossible jumps, this sailing through the air and such like absurd acrobatics which



smack of the old Far-West film technique—with which we are quite satiated.”

It's true, Mickey. In the world today, there are departures infinitely more cruel than yours. There are separations far more heartbreaking than that which is going to put an ocean between us.

You were not born in our country, but I know a man, a one hundred per cent Frenchman, whom you would certainly have astonished at first, but who would afterwards have recognized you as one of his distant grandchildren. I feel sure that if the author of the fable, "The Mountain Which Gave Birth to a Mouse," returned to this world, he would write:

*"Were I introduced to Mickey,
It would afford me great pleasure."*

Also I wonder how many average Frenchmen recognize themselves—without daring to admit it—in your friend the eternally discontented Donald Duck?

Some may say that, although you are going, the Punch and Judy show remains. That's true. But Punch has his bludgeon. What an argument!

You have no bludgeon. You are the prey of all evil forces. You are carried up by the sail of a windmill, crushed by a roller, thrown from a third-story window. . . . We feel sure you must be crushed, smashed up, dead. But you always recover from these mishaps. To those who lack faith, you show there is always a providence ready to rescue the pure of heart—even tho they have no bludgeon.

Well, as it can't be helped, pack your luggage, Mickey. Take off with your friends, tender Minnie, discontented Donald and mournful Pluto.

"Bon voyage." . . . The times we are living aren't made for smiling. . . .

Those days will return. You, as well. Goodbye, Mickey! . . .

* * *

Bancal was carted off to jail for that piece of writing. How he had gotten it past the Vichy censor who worked under Nazi orders was a problem that brings a smile to his tired face now. "I knew a friendly censor and explained that this was a special piece I wanted to print in the paper," Bancal says.

— O —

With the arrival of the Allies in Marseille, August 28, 1944, Bancal, aged by the strain of confinement under German conditions, now eyed his beloved Marseille: part of its colorful waterfront blown up by German demolition engineers, sixty sunken vessels blocking the harbor; thousands dead and 100,000 Marseillais driven off to brothels and death camps or to die as labor slaves.

With shells still falling everywhere, the French newspapers resumed publishing and gave copies away on the streets.

Bancal, always an individualist with strong convictions, began a series of editorials that rallied the French to assist the liberation forces openly, repair the damaged Port and push supplies to the American, French, British, Canadian and Polish troops dashing up the Rhone.

Mickey Mouse came back to town, and Bancal, wearing a utility suit but still with the old sparkle in his eye and his polka-dot tie cocked at a jaunty angle, despite a hungry stomach, sat at his desk and wrote these words on September 7, 1944, after seeing the return of a Mickey Mouse film to France:

HELLO, MICKEY!

Hello, Mickey! . . . There you are again. . . . No, you haven't grown older. You are still the same with your little round nose, your ears like fans, your legs like wires and wearing boots . . . boots like we haven't had here for a long time.

You haven't come back alone. I'm thinking of all those young men with clear eyes and bronzed skins, who wear the letters U. S. on their caps, and who, with their comrades of our country, the English and also the Russians are bringing us back an exiled goddess: LIBERTY! We welcome you. . . .

One evening, some soldiers in green uniforms, like locusts, burst into my home. They took me away to a large house where the thick, heavy doors had triple locks and the high, narrow windows had thick bars. I was shut up, first in a large room, then in a small one, without bed or furniture but where I had numerous and brilliant company. There, I lived a kind of adventure film, which would have both amused and distressed you. The green soldiers barked all day. We fed on raw lettuce and badly-cooked Swedish turnips. We played pinochle with cards you could hardly distinguish the figures and colors on. From time to time, we were taken out for a so-called walk in a courtyard without sunshine and enclosed by high walls. When night fell, battalions of bugs parachuted down onto our heads and mess cans. In the half-light they looked like a rain of minute swastikas.

Every day, new companions arrived. Very often, alas, their faces and bodies were covered with blood. They came from a villa in the Rue Paradis, where a certain Muhler, who was in charge there, had treated them to a little "correct conversation"—as many idiots

called it—that is to say accompanied by punishment.

From time to time, some of us left in a small group, each with his little bundle. For where? . . . We know nothing. But they haven't come back.

One day arose the question of yourself. With his eyes on a long type-written document, a man with short-cropped hair and gold-mounted spectacles asked me a number of questions which were very embarrassing. . . . "Why did you say 'Goodbye' to Mickey in a newspaper?" He spoke in the name of a person you know well . . . a little man with a blob moustache and wearing a hotel porter's cap, but he never made anyone laugh. This Fuhrer took exception to you—a little Mouse. Hitler against Mickey. Never in my life did I feel more like laughing. This extraordinary interview, an interlude of unqualified buffoonery, lasted a full quarter of an hour.

This ogre wasn't wrong in being afraid of you, for finally it's you, dear old Mickey, who got the better of the invincible Fuhrer with his countless planes, his enormous cannons, his invisible submarines and his secret armies.

It could not be otherwise. There were many of us, very many of us in France who knew it. You've been through some hard times with your friends—like in the movies—but the hour of justice has struck.

No. I was dreaming. . . . It was only the bell announcing the end of the interlude. The big picture is about to begin. It takes place in Germany.

Bravo, Mickey!

And thank you! . . .

* * *

Now ancient Mickey Mouse films again grind their way through movie

(Continued on page 20)

meant. He'd worked at Jimmy's place for five years and understood his customers. Took pride in it, too.

Mike gulped some of the pale dry and looked straight at Hymie. "Listen, Hymie," he said. "A lot of funny things happen in this world. Things you ain't countin' on."

"Sure, sure." Hymie put two plump hands down on the glass-topped table. If you need some dough, I ain't askin' any questions."

Mike shook his head in disgust. "Naw," he said, "you got me all wrong. I don't need no dough." He hesitated a minute. "Come right down to it, I got everything I want."

Hymie took off his glasses. He wiped them carefully and put them on again. "Maybe I don't hear so good," he said slowly. "If you ask me . . ."

"I ain't askin' you, Hymie. I'm tellin' you. It's a wonderful world."

Hymie wasn't convinced. "Yeah," he said, his voice dripping with doubt, "you tell me about it."

"Okay, I'll tell you." Mike held up two fingers to Duke and two more beers appeared. Then he started to tell. He'd been an East side kid just like hundreds of others. Hymie knew that. And that was all right. The lower East side was as good a playground as Central Park when you didn't know the difference. So he grew up like the other kids in the neighborhood. He got black eyes and gave 'em. He stole bananas off Tony Scalpero's pushcart. But in one way he was different than any of the other kids on the block. He was afraid of the dark.

Hymie screwed up his mouth in disgust. "Listen, you want me to start tellin' you fairy stories, maybe?"

"Naw, naw, you don't understand," Mike interrupted. "All kids are afraid of the dark—some. I know that. But

me, I was *mighty* afraid. And not just when I was a kid, neither. Twelve years old, and I was still afraid. And you know the reason why?"

Hymie did *not* know, but it sounded like Mike was a sissy. Mike reddened. He wasn't no sissy—not like Hymie meant, anyway.

"Listen," he said. "It all hitches up to my old man. He was okay in most ways, but he had too much love for the bottle. Yeah, and when he got too much of the stuff, he came home and beat my ma. Hit her and hit her. And I used to lay there in the dark and hear her yell. Not a real yell. She used to put her hand over her mouth, thinkin' maybe that way I wouldn't hear it. It was a terrible sound, like a sick animal. And it stayed with me. It made me scared as the devil of the dark. I didn't admit it to nobody, see? Nobody but Mike Otter. But one night I'm twenty-one years old, and I'm still scared of the dark. I know them mind doctors can put me straight, but I got no money for mind doctors. I'm makin' fifteen bucks a week as shipping clerk at the old *Daily Courier*. All right, so I says to myself, 'Mike Otter, you got to get over this. You're gonna walk through Central Park by yourself tonight after dark and ain't nothin' goin' to happen to you.'"

"So I started walkin' from the West side. It's a good, clear night. There's couples on benches makin' love, and others just walkin' arm in arm. Kinda made me wish I had a girl. But those I wanted ain't never wanted me. You know how it is. Anyway, that ain't in this story. I just keep walkin' and sayin' to myself, 'See, you're doin' it, Mike Otter, just like you said and ain't nothin' happening to you.' Well, I'm just ready to pull out of the park at 60th Street when I hears somethin'. A funny

little cry, and I look down and there on the grass is a kid. Honest to goodness! Layin' there and not bawlin'—just whimperin' kinda like my ma did when she was hit. Well I pick up the kid, a cute little tyke not more'n about three weeks old if I'm any judge. Then I just start walkin' with it in my arms. Pretty soon I'm out of the Park and then I sort of come to. I'm out of Central park all right, but somethin' sure happened to me!"

"The kid ain't cryin' any more, and I'm glad of that 'cause I ain't much on makin' funny faces to stop him. Then I get an idea. There's a home for *found kids* over on First Avenue run by nuns of some kind. I'll go and ask 'em what to do. Course I got no idea of givin' the kid up. I found him and he's mine."

"Well, I ring the bell and a nun answers it—pretty too—and I tell her what's happened and how do I go about makin' the kid mine. She just looks at me with a funny kind of smile and asks me to sit down."

"You know that nun had more questions up her sleeve than tabloids got headlines. How much do I make a week, who would take care of the kid while I was working, and a string more. Funny thing was, when she got through with me I was sort of convinced that the kid *would* be too much of a problem. But there was one thing I told that nun. 'Sister,' I said, 'I guess you're right. But there's one thing I want. If somebody adopts this kid, I want to know who they are. I gotta know what's happenin' to him, not just for a few weeks, but always. Right straight through his life.'"

"I think that can be arranged," she said. "You keep in touch with me. I'm Sister Adelaide."

"Well, I sure kept in touch with her every couple of days. But nothin' hap-

pened. The kid was still there. Looked like nobody wanted him. Made me sick I couldn't take him myself, but I knew Sister was right. She let me come and see him on Sundays, and I got to callin' him 'Butch.' Sister laughed at that handle, but didn't put up no objections. And I'm gettin' crazier about Butch all the time. Seems like he knows me now, and I'm almost hopin' nobody does take him. That way I could get up to the home every Sunday at least. But then one day it happens. I get home from the *Courier*, and I got a message to call Sister Adelaide. I call her and she says some nice people want to take Butch. Not wealthy, but they got enough to take care of him. There was the usual red tape to go through, but it looked all right, and she thought they'd get Butch soon. They were coming to the home on Sunday, a Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, and Sister would like me to meet 'em."

"Well, she didn't have no trouble there. I wanted to meet 'em all right. And I was there on Sunday, a half hour ahead of time. Believe me, I was scared to meet 'em. Scared they wouldn't do what I wanted. After all, I wasn't nothin' but a shippin' clerk, and these people got a nice house on Long Island, not a mansion you understand, but a nice place."

"Sure enough, on the dot of three they get there, and first thing, this Mrs. Partridge comes over and says how glad she is to meet me. They're real grateful, she says, because without me they might not have found Butch. Well, there was my big chance, and I didn't miss it. I told 'em if they was grateful they could do me a favor and let me see the kid regular-like. She said sure I could come as often as I wanted to . . ." Mike hesitated for a minute and let out a satisfied sigh. He pushed the evening paper

over to Hymie. "Look," he said, one thick finger resting on an article on the back page. GRADUATION EXERCISES OF HOLMES COLLEGE TOMORROW—RICHARD PARTRIDGE—MAGNA CUM LAUDE.

Hymie rubbed his hand over what nature had left of his hair. Mike was talkin' like Einstein. Didn't any of it make sense. "Okay," he grunted, "who is this Magna Cum Laude, and what's she doin' in with a bunch of men?"

Mike pushed his glass of beer away from him. "Ain't nobody," he said. *Magna Cum Laude's* an honor. The best there is in college, and that there's my Butch."

"So what? The kid does all right, but it just don't connect. What you got to do with it? You found him. Okay, I found a ten dollar bill once, but I ain't got it now and you ain't got the kid."

"Yes and no," Mike said, "Yes and no."

"You know English?" Hymie asked. "Yeah? Well, talk it. I don't understand no riddles."

"You'll understand this," Mike said happily. "Listen, whenever I got a few cents together, I put 'em aside for the kid's education. Oh sure, the Partridges coulda done it by themselves. But they know how I felt so they let me."

"Okay, okay," Hymie was full of disgust. "So you put money into the kid, and he don't even know you're on earth. Like a movie I saw once—"

"Naw, not like no movie," Mike said. "Dick knows me. I been seein' him all these years, not just when he was a baby. He calls old man Partridge 'Dad,' but me he calls 'Pop.' Kid's goin' into the newspaper business. A writer, sure. But it's still the same business as his Pop's. He wants me to the graduation Friday, and I'm sure goin'."

Hymie took his glasses off again. "Maybe I don't hear so good," he said. "In the movies the guy in your spot always gets left. He stands in the cold sometimes just lookin' at the kid he's helped through a window or somethin'."

Mike laughed. "Sure, sure," he said, "I seen them pictures. Just goes to show now, don't it, you shouldn't believe everything what's up on a screen. And," he added, "what starts out bad, can turn out good. Me being scared and then findin' Butch makes up for a lot of things."

Hymie nodded. "You win," he said. "But it sure is a cockeyed world when you can't even believe the movies no more."

Mickey Mouse: *Symbol of Faith* (Continued from page 16)

projectors all over France, day and night, and the theaters are jammed.

Millions of French wearing the Cross of Lorraine on threadbare clothes eagerly spend their francs on Le Bon Homme Mickey.

"It is the uninhibited character of Mickey that appeals to the French sense of freedom and the struggle for it," Bancal says. "Mickey is exposed to

great dangers. Like the French people, he has nothing but Faith; so always escapes because he has the inner fire of courage. As we say in French, "Toujours Vivant!"

* * * * *

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Santa Claus, North Pole . . .

THE man wants to talk about Santa Claus. And who has better license, no matter what the season, to discuss this subject than the Mayor of North Pole, Alaska?

North Pole, as any child knows, is the home of Santa Claus. However, the exact location of the home town has always been somewhat vague—just address him c/o North Pole, Alaska, and leave the rest to the mailman.

Now along comes Sam Styles to inform us that North Pole is a definite place, and brand new—just five miles out of Fairbanks. He should know, because he's the mayor as well as one of the four founders.

"This is to be Santa's town, designed for the children of America," he said recently. "All those letters addressed to Santa Claus each year now have a place to go, where they will be answered."

Last year, Styles and his associates began thinking of the countless letters addressed each year to Santa Claus, c/o North Pole, that never reach a destination and are never answered. So they obtained the addresses of children through various Chambers of Commerce and sent out 256,000 letters, with a Fairbanks postmark and a stamped note that the mail was sent "via North Pole."

Specifically, the town is intended to be a living, picturesque symbol of Christmas, with the important facility of a post office, from which all mail sent out will bear the postmark, *North Pole*, as big and authentic as you please.

The design of the town calls for 60 homes—comfortable log structures—a

huge toy mart where toys will be displayed the year around, a church and a statue of Santa, 126 feet high, in colored brick and concrete.

Six homes are already built and occupied, several of them by professors from the nearby University of Alaska. The key clause in the rental agreement is that all tenants will volunteer a certain amount of time to carrying out the project of giving a ring of authenticity to Santa Claus for America's children.

Styles, who is commercial manager for a number of Alaskan radio stations and has lived in Alaska for five years, and three other men bought the land, 80 acres for \$8,200, and have agreed that they will never sell, trade or commercialize the town to be built upon it.

"We will never do anything such as charge admission for people to go through our town," said Styles. "We have established a Santa Claus trust fund at the Bank of Fairbanks to be used for buying toys and sending letters. A very small percentage will go to build the rest of the town.

"And maybe next Christmas Day we can have Santa himself broadcast to the children, just as he returns to North Pole, sitting at home with his shoes off, all tired out from his trip around the world."

The hope of the founders of North Pole is that, situated as it is near the Alaskan Highway, with the Noyes River running near by, it will one day be a tourists' visiting spot, a perpetual Christmas land.





No Room in the Inn

By GEORGIA MOORE EBERLING

CROWDS were thronging into Bethlehem, and the dawn was not yet pale in the east. Emperor Augustus had decreed that all the Roman world must be taxed and enrolled, and to do this, each one must go to his own city. There the Roman overlords made the enumeration and collected the tax.

Jared, keeper of the Inn at Bethlehem, had assigned his daughter Phebe to watch the gate. And thus early in the day the narrow streets were filled with people from far sections of the district. As the day progressed, the throngs increased. Phebe was hard pressed at the gate. "I cannot understand," she said to Jared, "how there can be so many of the House of David as have gathered in Bethlehem today. What shall we do?"

"The Inn is already filled," replied Jared. "All our living quarters around the sides of the outer court have been taken, and we have filled the central

raised platform with pallets, and there is no more room." The central platform was where the family held morning and evening devotions according to the law of Moses. Now the men had already occupied the pallets, and were lying so close together that Phebe wondered if they could rest.

It was dusk. Phebe had left the gate. Surely there would be no one else to come. But there was a gentle knock at the gate. Then again—a little louder. Phebe hesitated, but opened it. There stood a tall, bearded stranger. Just back of him was a young woman seated on a donkey. She was leaning forward wearily.

"There is no room," Phebe said before the stranger could speak.

"But—but I must find a place!" the man protested. "We started at earliest dawn, and have journeyed from far up in the hills of Nazareth. And now it

seems that all the tribe of David is here before us!"

Phebe's eyes met the clear brown eyes of the young woman, who smiled a bit uncertainly.

"Just any place," pleaded the man. "We cannot go any farther tonight."

"I shall see Jared," Phebe said, knowing full well that there was no more room. But she returned hastily, bringing Susanna, her mother.

"I am so sorry," said Susanna to the man. "There is no more room in the Inn. But the cattle shelter is not full. It is clean, and is almost as comfortable as the Inn, joined as it is to the court wall."

Phebe opened the gate, and the man led the donkey with its burden into the outer court. Then she bolted the gate. It would not be opened again tonight!

As they groped their way into the dusky stable, Susanna brought soft coverings. "At least you will be alone here," she said kindly to the strangers, and laid the coverings over the manger. "You should see how stuffy it is in the Inn. Jared and Phebe and I will have no place to sleep tonight."

Phebe flashed a smile at the strange young woman, who leaned so tiredly against the strong tall man. And as she turned away, she heard the man say, "Now you shall rest, my Mary. And fortunate we are to find so quiet a spot."

Mary! Phebe said the name over and over to herself. It was such a beautiful name. She wished her mother had called her "Mary"!

The Inn keepers were busily engaged serving the needs of their many guests. The night was well spent when Phebe heard Susanna's voice in a whisper. "Come quickly, Phebe!" And she led her into the courtyard. "Ah, daughter, Mary and Joseph, the two in the cattle shelter, need us!"

"What is it?" Phebe asked anxiously.

"There is a little one there!"

The shelter was bathed in pale light, for Susanna had lighted a candle above the manger. An infant was lying in the circle of Mary's arm.

Phebe knelt by the side of the infant. She touched a soft little hand. "Sweet, O sweet!" she whispered.

Mary looked at Phebe and smiled. Then turning to the man, said, "Joseph, will you open the roll and get the coverlets?"

Susanna took the swaddling clothes and wrapped them around the infant.

"I wove them myself," Mary said shyly but proudly.

"And nice and wide they are—there now." And Susanna held up the infant in the flickering light for all to see. At first no one spoke. Their eyes were held by the thin circle of light that seemed to rest about the tiny head of the infant. Susanna's lips moved, but no words were heard. Phebe thought her mother looked like the priest in the Temple, and happier than ever she had seen her.

Joseph took the child. "Look," he said suddenly, "the manger is full of sweet new hay! Spread Mary's saddle blanket over it, and cover it with the new woven sheets and the coverlets—all woven by Mary's own hands. I shall put the child there, and he shall sleep like a little King in so snug and fragrant a bed!"

"Like a little King!" Phebe repeated, and her voice was like a sweet song.

Joseph spoke again, softly. "Mary is asleep. She is very tired."

Phebe turned and looked into Mary's face. A little smile touched her lips, as if her dreams were happy ones. Then Phebe bent closer. It seemed that the white circle of light beamed above Mary's head, ever so faintly. It might be the candle's reflection. But above the infant's head it was clear and plain.

She wondered why Susanna knelt by the child, and bowed her head.

Phebe went out into the court. "How light it is!" she exclaimed. Joseph and Susanna came into the court to see, for it was yet in the depths of the night. "Look," said Phebe. "See the big white star!"

Right over the shelter the star hovered and shone with startling brilliance. Then a strange melody filled the air, as from myriads of angelic voices. It sounded very far away, yet the chants were clear and plain.

"Hear them! Hear them!" Mary whispered. "Glory to God in the highest—glory—glory!" And the sounds faded away in the vast reaches of the heavens.

Phebe knew now what it all meant. The Prince of Peace, so long foretold! Only the last Sabbath she had heard the great prophecy from Isaiah read from the roll of the Law. Here it was happening before her very eyes. Susanna knew—that was why she knelt by the manger where lay the Child. Mary knew, and Joseph!

And others knew, for shepherds came softly in, and worshiped. Then into the shadowy old stable came the Wise Men, and they placed rich gifts at the feet of the Child. Mary was silent, for she was pondering all these things in her heart.

Dawn came, and Phebe ran to see the

Prince of Peace in the manger. It was empty! There was the faint imprint of where he had lain. She still felt the tiny hand as it brushed her cheek when she bent over him—soft as a rose petal and gentle as a butterfly.

"Susanna!" she cried. "They are not here! Where are they? I want to see them again!"

"Listen, my daughter," Susanna comforted her. "You shall see them again. We shall all see them again. All Israel must come to see and know."

"But where have they gone?" pleaded Phebe.

"There are those, my daughter, who seek the infant's life," Susanna said. "We heard the decree just before dawn. Joseph and Mary have fled with the Child into Egypt, where they will be safe."

Phebe's cheeks were wet with tears, but suddenly an enraptured look spread over her face. "Hear the music, Susanna!" she exclaimed. "Up there in the skies!" And she put her hand to her cheek as if to guard the tiny touch placed there by the infant's soft hand. And she placed her hand in that of Susanna, and the two crossed the dusky courtyard singing softly, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men."

—Sunshine Magazine

TODAY

TODAY is ours—

Its joys, its melodies, its flowers;

Small duties, loving deeds, words of cheer;

The chance to smile away a frown, a tear.

Tomorrow is unborn, nor can we stray,

No matter how we try, one step beyond today!

—Author Unknown



☆
CHRISTMAS
TIP

Because of
Christmas in the
heart, God's creatures
endless miles apart, can
bridge the distance and
the pain and garner faith
and hope again.

A sick world, on its
earth-bound knees, turns weary
eyes to Christmas trees, and to the
meaning of Christ's birth, to bring good
will and peace to earth.

But look! above the tree,
a star gleams brightly radiant from afar, to
lift our gaze above the tree and find our
answer is in Thee.... We rise with confidence
and pride, and tread the
darkness

by
Thy
side.

—❁—
MAYO CORNELL

Sources of Information about

Jobs for Future Civvies

By M. R. Lingenfelter

IN this final article of the series on *Jobs* we are suggesting various sources for additional information on the occupations that have been presented in these pages.

Since your author has been in the book business for more moons than she cares to count, the first suggestion is to trek posthaste to the nearest library. Don't look down your noses at the Service Libraries for the librarians in charge will be able to dig up surprisingly useful material for you in their own collections and from outside sources as well. The term "inter-library loan" may be new to you but it is an old, old story to librarians who cannot find all the answers in their own books but must borrow from larger and better equipped neighboring libraries.

Naturally, if you are stationed in a large city, the public library is your best bet. Most of the up-to-date libraries have special collections of vocational material with well-trained people in charge to help you make the best use of their treasures. In smaller communities try the nearest county library. And overseas are the American Information libraries.

Don't be afraid of pestering the librarians—that is their job and the more pestiferous you are the happier you will make the book gals and boys. (Remember our article on *Library Work* as a

profession for servicemen? That's why we mention the boys here.) Later on, we'll tell you about special librarians who spend all their time taking care of readers who have serious problems and come to libraries in search of help through books.

READ TELEPHONE BOOK

Maybe you are the sort of person who prefers looking up material for yourself first of all so that you will not appear helpless to an attractive young librarian. If so, a few hints on how to use the card catalog will be welcome to you. Look in the card catalog for a listing of the book you want under the name of the author just as you would find a name in the telephone book. (Here's a trade secret—the telephone book itself often helps a librarian when she is puzzled as to the best way to file a confusing name.) If you do not know the author's name, look for the title. If you do not know either the title or the author you may find the book you want listed under the subject together with other books on the same subject. You'll be agreeably surprised at the material you'll find if you look under the heading *OCCUPATIONS*, or under the name of the particular occupation which you think might be your choice as a life work.

The entries in the catalog are on cards which are arranged alphabetically ac-

ording to the headings typed or written at the top. These headings, whether authors, subjects or titles, are arranged in one alphabetical sequence like a dictionary. If there are several entries under the same author's name, these are sub-arranged alphabetically by titles. The entries under any one subject are sub-arranged by authors. Entries for books about a person (biographies) follow those for books written by the same person.

NUMBERS IMPRESS LADIES

Be sure to note the number in the upper left hand corner of the card which is your finding number. Most libraries have chart guides near their card catalogs which will tell you how to find that number on the shelves or it will impress the girls at the library desk if you say, "Please tell me where I can find the 372.42 books." That, by the way, is the number most commonly used for books on occupation. Unless, of course, the library has its own peculiar classification and does not use the familiar Dewey system.

The card catalog is likely to have a card directing you to pamphlets as a source of information. In such a constantly changing field as occupational choice, pamphlets are of the utmost importance in providing up-to-the-minute information. As we have noted from time to time, certain national organizations in various professions are excellent sources for procuring pamphlets about opportunities in their field. Later we'll list some of these and other types of organizations which may be helpful in sending you pamphlets about the line of work you are interested in or will direct you to a place where you can secure what you need.

READERS' ADVISER

In many large libraries, you will find a member of the staff called "Readers' Adviser" or by a similar title (the special librarian we mentioned back about paragraph three or four). Files of pamphlets on various occupations are sure to be within reach of this person's desk or she will have a special card reference list through which she will be able to locate such material for you. Reason for this; books on choosing a career or on what may be expected in a job are requested more frequently than on any other topic.

This "Readers' Adviser" may have excellent annotated reading lists which you may take with you or she will prepare a special reading course to fit your own particular needs. This librarian usually has sense enough to realize the limitations of her books and her own lack of training as a vocational counselor so don't expect her to give you expert advice on choosing your life work. She may, however, direct you to people who are specially trained to give you that service.

Above all, we insist that you must not be afraid to ask for advice on books and reading. Librarians spend years in library schools learning to evaluate books and they are just as eager to use this training as are mechanics who learn how to keep wheels going round and gears meshing quietly and smoothly.

JOB INFORMATION

From time to time we have mentioned *The Dictionary of Occupational Titles* as the source from which we quoted job definitions. You will find this publication in every good library, in the U. S. Employment Service offices, and quite likely in the office of your own educational adviser. Here you will find clear definitions of more than twenty thou-

sand different occupations written in terms of the duties performed on the job.

In addition to the excellent definitions of occupations, you will see the wide scope of job opportunities and the varied types of positions which are open to a worker with a specific skill. All these occupations are classified into seven major groups, which in turn are divided into divisions and subdivisions. Code numbers are assigned to each occupation. A useful pamphlet concerning this source of information is available free from the U. S. Office of Education. It is entitled *The Occupational Dictionary as a Tool in Vocational Guidance Work*.

The seven groups in this Dictionary are: I. *Professional and Managerial Occupations* which require extensive academic study and include such professions as editor, lawyer, doctor, engineer, artist, and the like; semi-professional occupations such as laboratory technicians and draftsmen; managerial and official occupations such as managers or presidents of business enterprises, superintendents of various projects, and advertising agents. II. *Clerical and Sales Occupations*—here are all office, clerical and kindred occupations as well as those concerned with sale of commodities, real estate, services and shoppes. III. *Service Occupations* include domestic service, personal service, protective service, building service workers. IV. *Agricultural, Fishery, Forestry, and Kindred Occupations*. V. *Skilled Occupations*. This group includes craft and manual occupations for which apprenticeship or other extensive training is required. VI. *Semiskilled Occupations*. VII. *Unskilled Occupations*.

U. S. E. S.

What about the United States Employment Service as a source for help?

This government agency was established in 1933 as a nation-wide system of free public employment offices to which employers turn for assistance in securing qualified workers and where the workers themselves register for jobs. Here you will find vocational counselors and interviewers who are trained to meet the heavy responsibility of helping make decisions which affect the future work lives of millions. Naturally these people will have at their fingertips not only the *Dictionary of Occupational Titles* but other printed information about jobs as well. Moreover, through their contacts with employers, they can secure answers to difficult questions about jobs which might not have occurred to the writers of books and pamphlets.

The U. S. Civil Service Commission, as we have mentioned in more than one article, is the logical place to go for information about working for Uncle Sam, who is our largest employer, or was until the big cuts began recently. Always check the Civil Service announcements in your local district or post office when you are exploring job possibilities. Through this means you will discover what positions are open for the various levels of educational training and experience. Here, too, will be the maximum and minimum salaries for each job as well as job definitions, type of examination required, location, and similar information.

If you are interested in working for your state, your county or your city, check with the local civil service agency for a list of openings, descriptions of the work, and the procedure for securing the job that appeals to you. In some places such jobs are political plums and thus are rather insecure; in others they are on strict civil service basis with merit the criterion for promotion and with security assured by law just as in

the case of Uncle Sam's job. Watch your step here.

USAFI

On the all important matter of education and training your best source of information is the familiar USAFI, "the Army-Navy School with the world campus."

Never say you can't get an education because you are in the Armed Forces for through this Institute you can "increase your efficiency as a member of the Armed Forces, prepare for a desirable job when you return to civilian life, continue an educational program which may have been interrupted by military service, or satisfy a personal interest in study of some subject." Be sure to consult your librarian, special service officer, educational services officer, orientation officer, or chaplain to discover the opportunities that await you while you are in the service. If you cannot secure all the information you need locally, write to the Commandant, United States Armed Forces Institute, Madison 3, Wisconsin. And for information concerning classes in the off-duty program of the Navy, address inquiries to the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Attention: Educational Services Section, Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C.

In response to an inquiry from one of our readers for additional information on places to prepare for a career in commercial art, we turned to the USAFI catalog and recommended the course J284 which includes forms and construction of lettering alphabets; lettering with decoration; lettering exercises; cover designs; newspaper illustrations; advertisement illustrations; qualifications and status of caricaturist and cartoonist; designing and drawing cartoons; illustrating books and magazines. Art outfit is included with the first

lesson of this course. Another course J279 Art Techniques is recommended but not required preparation.

OTHER INFORMATION

Here is a partial list of national organizations from which you may obtain information:

- Altrusa Clubs, International Association, 540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.
- American Assoc. of Univ. Women, 1634 Eye St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
- American Institute of Electrical Engineers, 33 W. 39th St., New York, N. Y.
- American Psychological Assoc., Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- American Soc. of Civil Engineers, 33 W. 39th St., New York, N. Y.
- American Soc. of Mechanical Engineers, 33 W. 39th St., New York, N. Y.
- American Vocational Association, Inc., 1010 Vermont Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.
- Big Brother Movement, Inc., 315 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
- B'nai B'rith, 1003 K St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
- Catholic Youth Organization, 35 East 51st St., New York 22, N. Y.
- Chamber of Commerce of the U. S. A., 1615 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.
- Committee for Economic Development, 285 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
- Greater New York Federation of Churches, Youth Division, 71 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.
- Jewish Occupational Council, 1841 Broadway, New York 23, New York.
- Kiwanis International, 520 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.
- Lions Club, International Assoc. of, 332 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.
- National Assoc. of Deans and Advisers of Men, Univ. of Calif., Los Angeles, Calif.
- National Catholic Welfare Conf., 1312 Mass. Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.
- National Council on Rehabilitation, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
- National Education Assoc., 1201 16th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.
- National Vocational Guidance Assoc., 82 Beaver St., New York 10, N. Y.
- Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
- U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, 10 North La Salle Street, Chicago 2, Ill.

Y.M.C.A., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Y. W. C. A., National Board, 600 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Zonta International, 59 East Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

All your local religious and veteran' organizations will be sources for additional information about jobs. Through such groups, too, you may be given contacts with future employers.

Don't overlook the opportunities for help in choosing your future job in short stories, novels, and biographies. Nearly twenty years ago your author began her career of writing with the publication of *Vocations in Fiction*, an annotated bibliography issued in a revised edition by the American Library Association in 1938. Approximately 2,000 novels were read from which 463 titles were selected representing 102 occupations. The books selected were chosen because they seemed to offer definite help in occupational choice chiefly through indicating the effect of work on the main characters in the books. Although novels, short stories and biographies rarely give satisfactory descriptions of jobs, you will find them useful and pleasant in exploring job opportunities. In the best biographies, too, you catch glimpses of traits which helped the persons written about become successful enough to have their lives compressed between the covers of books. These three types of books usually stress qualities and characteristics necessary for success in occupations.

Can the various *Who's Whos* help you? Indeed they can! Look at the brief sketches of people who have achieved success in various fields at the education and training they have had, the steps through which they progressed in their careers, and what contributions were made by them which placed them

in this book of distinction. Here you will find references to books written by and about these people which you can then look up in the local library's card catalog.

A value in biographies which you may not find in stories or novels is information on how these individuals got started, what pushed them to the top, actual working conditions they found in their various jobs on this upward climb, the fun, and often the grief as well, that they got out of their work.

A recent issue of LIFE carried a full page advertisement which had real vocational significance. Here was a thumbnail sketch of the career of a Polish immigrant worker who hit these shores as a boy nearly half a century ago. In 1911, he took a modest job as teamster for a large West Coast company. Today, 36 years later, he is still working for that company as a maintenance mechanic for the truck fleet. During that 36 years this man raised a son and two daughters, gave them good educations (the son is a successful mechanical engineer, the daughters happily married), bought a comfortable home and always had a good car.

The point of this story was that this worker did not become president of his company, or go into business for himself. Nor did he "make" WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA. He just went to work and played a modest but important part in the productive work of his company. Although in a job today actually comparable to the one he had first, this man's capacity to *produce* increased so that now he makes seven times as much per hour in less than half the time as in 1911, which shows that the average American has been able to produce more and more to improve his own standard of living.

At this big moment in history, more

important than your own standard of living is what can be done in the occupation of your choice to improve conditions all over the map. No matter where you are you will find joy in doing a good productive job. Maybe if you have inventive ability or scientific genius you will help create new products, or you may do your part in production only, or in moving products through sales, advertising, in business on the small or grand scale. Wherever your work may be never feel that it is unimportant—that the world picture is so dark that it is hopeless for you to think of doing something to make the world a better place. All useful work is important, but more essential still is your own attitude toward your job, how you attack it, what you do when difficulties arise, and how you overcome these difficulties. Remember always the command: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" and with God's help you may find yourself among the minority of earnest workers who have been called the "hope of the world."

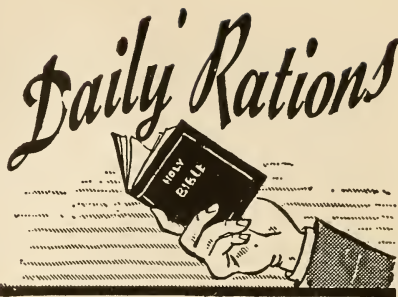
Christmas Smiles

A SMILE is such a funny thing. It wrinkles up your face, and when it's gone you have to find its secret hiding place.

But far more wonderful it is to see what smiles can do; you smile at one, he smiles at you, and so one smile makes two.

And since a smile can do so much by cheering hearts of care, let's smile a lot this Christmas time—such smiles go everywhere.

—Exchange



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

(Prepared by James V. Claypool, Secretary, Promotion of Bible Use, American Bible Society)

Theme: "One World—One Book"

- 1. Matt. 5:1-16 One Discipleship
- 2. Matt. 6:19-34 One Treasure
- 3. Psalm 90 One Dwelling
- 4. John 14:1-21 One Comforter
- 5. James 1 One Wisdom
- 6. Philip. 2:1-18 One Mind
- 7. John 15:1-17 One Vine
- 8. Psalms 91; 121 One Keeper
- 9. John 17:1-26 One Prayer
- 10. I Cor. 13 One Love
- 11. Luke 15:1-10; Rom. 1:16, 17
One Purpose
- 12. Luke 15:11-32 One Redemption
- 13. Acts 17:16-31 One Family
- 14. Universal Bible Sunday
Psalms 119:1-19, 89, 105 ... One Book
- 15. Psalm 67 One People
- 16. John 4:5-30 One Truth
- 17. Psalm 19 One World
- 18. Deut. 5:6-27 One Law
- 19. II Tim. 3:12-4:8 One Crown
- 20. Rev. 21:1-7 One Heaven
- 21. Isa. 53; Matt. 11:28-30
One Burden-Bearer
- 22. Luke 1:26-38 One Son
- 23. Luke 1:39-56 One Song
- 24. Luke 1:57-80 One Prophecy
- 25. Christmas
Isa 40:1-5; Luke 2:1-20, 40 One Saviour
- 26. Luke 2:21-39 The Holy Family
- 27. Ruth 1:1-18 Foreigners
- 28. Ruth 1:19-2:13 Strangers
- 29. Ruth 2:14-3:5 A Poor Relative
- 30. Ruth 3:6-18 A Gentleman's Part
- 31. Ruth 4:1-17 Jesus Ancestors



Christmas Interlude

by
DAVID McNEIL

THE four of us followed the old lady up the semicircular stairs of the ancient farmhouse. Wearing from our cold, hundred-and-fifty-mile ride north into Luxembourg, our anticipation of the coming night was joyful at the prospect of sleeping in a house for a change, instead of an air-conditioned hayloft, or the bomb-ravaged shell of a cafe.

Our Third Army ack-ack outfit had been committed to assist in stemming the Nazi tide in the Ardennes Bulge. Spreading our 40 mm. Bofors about the countryside, we selected this little barnyard on the outskirts of Mersch, in which to set up our battery C.P.

Pat, Ray, Pete, and I, all of the communications section, trailed the old lady into a tiny room at the top of the stairs. Our exchange of dubious glances at the cramped space soon gave way to surprise upon seeing a big four-poster bed, wearing a patchwork quilt, white sheets, and two immaculate, fluffed pillows.

The lady was chattering away rapidly in French. I interrupted her by speaking to Ray, my truck driver, a lad who hadn't yet experienced his first shave but spoke fluent French. He'd been raised in the States by a French grandmother, and learned her native tongue and his own simultaneously.

"Look, Ray," I said, "tell her to take those covers off the bed. We haven't had a bath for days. We'll only make the sheets filthy."

The old lady smiled delightedly at Ray's smooth-flowing French, but as he talked to her, she began to frown.



Sally-



- an ancient farmhouse



- Sue -

- a four-poster bed-



with a patchwork quilt



and hot apple-juice

Suddenly she threw her hands in the air and launched a violent tirade that definitely sounded like abuse.

Ray turned to me, grinning, his young face flushed.

"She says we're acting like foolish children," he translated. "The sheets

can be washed, she says. We gotta use 'em."

Ray and Pete claimed the bed. The lady provided downy mattresses for Pat and me, to soften the floor beneath our bedrolls.

Living with our hostess was her older sister—a stooped old lady of seventy-five, with the perpetual smile of a pixie and a pair of unspectacled, twinkling blue eyes. This dear old soul we called Sue, the other one, Sally. While Sally was kind but undemonstrative, Sue took us all to her heart and never shuffled past any one of us without giving his arm an affectionate squeeze.

Unlike her sister, Sue could not speak French, nor, of course, any English, but each morning she met us at the foot of the stairs and pointed to a kettle of hot water on the stove, which she'd prepared for our shaving. Though we could not savvy her mutterings, her motions were unmistakably clear, and her warm, eager smile could have been translated into any language without benefit of an interpreter.

Those of us who were off duty from the switchboard sat around the table the first evening, writing letters. Sally and Sue sat with us quietly knitting and mending.

"How many 'n's in Luxenbourg?" Ray asked.

We all laughed.

"It's *m*—as in Mike," I told him. "Not *n*."

The two old ladies looked up and smiled. They didn't understand our mirthful outburst, but their wrinkled faces were bubbling-bright with companionable contentment.

Our laughter broke off at the sound of distant ack-ack bursts. Then we heard an approaching drone overhead. Enemy aircraft heading for Ettlebruck, one of the seams of the Bulge.

Flumpf! Flumpf! More ack-ack sounded.

"Vas?" Sue's face froze inquiringly.

"Flak," Sally answered simply. Finishing another stitch, she arose calmly and went to the window to re-enforce the blackout curtains with more material. Returning, she whipped off her apron and draped it around the stained-glass lamp shade that hung over the table.

When Sally resumed her seat, Sue peered up owlishly at the half-covered light, then glanced at Ray's V-mail blank. In voluble Luxembourgese she began raving at her sister.

The apron was casting a shadow on Ray's paper, Sue complained. Above Ray's meek protest, she insisted that the situation be corrected immediately.

Sally dutifully adjusted the apron, then went to the stove and poured us each a tall glass of hot apple juice—a pitcher of which delicious nectar sat simmering on the porcelain stove for us every ensuing night of our stay. In normal times and circumstances, I surely would have thought to ask for the recipe.

About nine o'clock, Sally spoke to her sister in a chiding tone and pointed to the clock on the wall. Sue squinted at the timepiece. Her mouth formed a perfect little circle.

"Oooo . . ." she gasped. With a mischievous hunch of the shoulders, she replaced her knitting in the brown wicker basket and put it away quickly. Her bedtime schedule was apparently already wrecked.

She left the room with a nod and a gut schloffen to us. On her way out she clutched Ray's arm and blinked at him with candid affection.

Sally shook her head sadly, almost apologetically, it seemed. She began to talk earnestly to Ray in French. I

strained my ear into the conversation but her rapid tongue quickly outran my sketchy understanding of the language. When she'd finished, Ray shook his head sympathetically and explained the conversation to Pete and me.

Sue was happy to have young men in her home again, Sally had said, her own son having been taken by the Nazis during the occupation. Because he refused to join the German Army, they imprisoned him. He escaped, however, and word had been recently received that he'd made his way, by devious means, to Norway.

The mystery of how Sally obtained the information of his ultimate safety was soon cleared up. Early the next morning, and on the days following, we saw her hurrying back down the snow-packed road and into the house. These were daily news-gathering trips, and many little bits of war progress she passed on to us from the neighborhood grapevine, even before we received the official communiques from our battalion headquarters.

Christmas morning found us still at the Mersch farmhouse. As I descended the stairs, rubbing sleep from my eyes, Sue was waiting with a huge platter stacked with homemade cookies.

"Weihnacht . . ." she greeted me happily, wildly gesturing that I fill my pockets with the cakes. Taking them, I fervently wished I could speak her language for just one minute. It was embarrassing to me that her cute kindness must go unanswered. I understood how much it meant to her, merely having us there as reminders of her son.

I looked at her old, feeble frame and

hoped that her young heart would preserve it until her boy returned home.

March order came abruptly, the day after Christmas. With the town of Ettelebruck cleared, the drive was on again. We were openly reluctant to leave the little farmhouse. I had resolved to confine my "goodbyes" to a mere hand-waving from our departing truck. The thought of leaving those dear old ladies alone again brought an annoying lump to my throat.

I sneaked upstairs for my bedroll. The truck was already loaded, the radio equipment detached and secured for traveling. While I tightened the rope about my sleeping bag there was no sound of pattering from the rooms below. I slung the bundle onto my shoulder and crept stealthily down the stairs.

I opened the front door. Sally and Sue were waiting there in the yard.

"Your turn next, Mac," Ray said. "You can't get out of it." I noticed his eyes were sort of pinkish about the rims.

The old ladies, in turn, embraced me and kissed both my cheeks. "Bon chance!" they were sobbing. "Dieu accompagnez!"

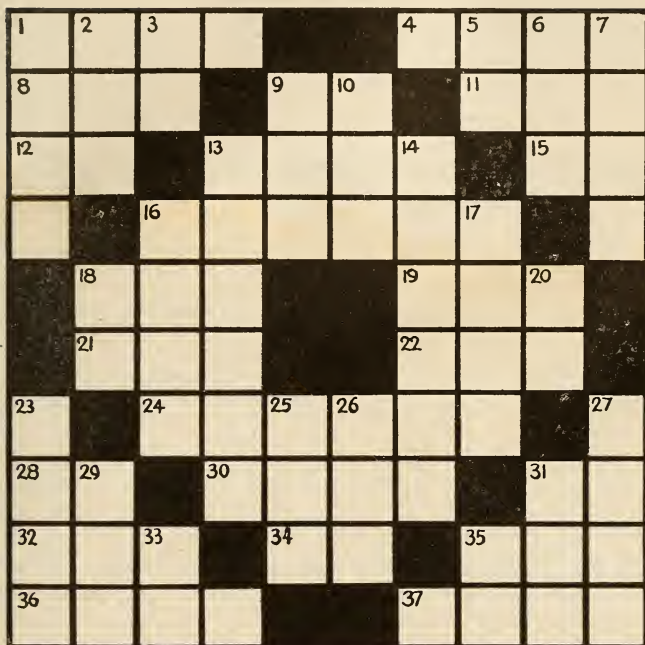
Those words—"Good luck, God go with you"—kept us in silence as we drove out of the yard, and for many miles distant. We had almost forgotten the buoyant influence of real and tangible affection. Home was closer to us than it had been since we left Stateside two years before.

We suddenly realized what we were really fighting for—and what we had to go back to.



A CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

By HARRY THOMSON



Across

- Guide for the Wise Men
- Characteristic of Solomon
- Pronoun (feminine)
- Exclamatory greeting
- Locale of the vision appearing to the shepherds
- Upon
- Very small quantity
- Pronoun (Old English)
- Name given to Abraham
- Character in **Uncle Tom's Cabin** (fem.)
- Recent
- A country (Gen. 12:8)
- The first woman
- Book in the Old Testament
- Like (adv.)
- Hastens
- Pronoun
- Body of water
- Negative
- Girl (slang)
- Chore
- Christmas (French)

Down

- To display
- Number of virgins in the parable
- Capital of Moab (Num. 21:28)
- Form of the verb "to be"
- Firmament
- Organs of sight
- Where Aaron died (Num. 20:27, 28)
- Latin for "so," "as"
- A major prophet
- A man's name (Acts 9:33)
- A city (Isa. 37:13)
- Son of Jacob and Leah (Gen. 29:34)
- An exclamation (interrogative)
- Pronoun (plural)
- Whence came the Wise Men
- An alcoholic drink
- A prefix meaning "earth"
- Where Jesus talked with the Samaritan woman (John 4:6)
- Body of water
- First name of a movie actress
- Same as 28 across
- Proceed

(For solution see page 47)

Link Lines

... By The EDITOR



AROUND the world people are counting the shopping days before Christmas. Maybe you are an *early-shopper* type; maybe you are the *next-year-I'll shop-earlier* type; or perhaps you are the *permanently last-minute-rush-stand-in-line* type. Regardless of what type you are, the Christmas season is always associated with good will and giving. But there are several different ways of giving.

One way was demonstrated at Santa Rosa, California, not many years ago by a humble genius whom we know as Luther Burbank.

Anticipating future scarcity of timber in America, he developed a type of rapidly growing walnut tree excellent for lumber purposes. But the walnuts from this tree are of a very hard-shelled variety. In turn, he developed another tree which produces rich nutmeats in a thin shell. Then there is the plum-cot, a combination of the plum and the apricot; the spineless and fruit-growing cactus, the fruit providing food for human beings and the plant providing forage for animals; and hundreds of other discoveries and developments which he gave to mankind through his remarkable genius.

Unlike new inventions in the fields of mechanics and other arts, his discoveries could not be protected by patent rights until recently. However, with Mr. Bur-

bank the welfare of humanity overshadowed any possible objective of personal profit; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that his idea of personal gain was the satisfaction achieved through bringing happiness to others.

The Master of long ago Whose birth we celebrate at Christmas gave in a similar way—but even more so. Not only did He give of His time and service for the welfare of human beings without any possible thought of personal profit in the way we usually think of profit—He eventually gave Himself as Christ the Lord.

In our frenzied rushing at the Holiday season we do well to think of giving, in this *different* way.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."—St. Luke 2:14

The message of goodwill seems a climax to the whole theme of Christmas. Strip it of its theological peculiarities, its sectarian controversies, its commercial tendencies and pagan shadows—still the spirit of goodwill stands out as a universal godsend to the world. Goodwill cuts across race, creed, color, class, age, sex or any other difference—a permanent unifying social force in a world cracked and crumbling upon sandy foundations of ill will.

Topic TALKS



- *Subject for group discussion (first week):*

WHAT ARE YOUR EXPECTATIONS?

By Robert Caspar Lintner

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Do you think God regards our character in helping us to meet our expectations?* (Job 8:13, 14; Psalms 1; 37:1-9; 125:1, 2; Proverbs 10:28-30)
2. *Why should God favor the righteous in their hopes and labors?* (Proverbs 3:1-6)
3. *Should spiritual peace be one of our great expectations?* (Psalm 37:37; Isaiah 26:3; 32:17; Romans 8:6; Galatians 5:22, 23)
4. *Why may we expect material blessings if we honor God out of our financial resources?* (Proverbs 3:9, 10; Malachi 3:8-12)
5. *What is our greatest expectation, and how has God provided for us to realize it?* (John 14:2, 3; 3:16)

- *Resource material:*

NOT long ago I saw the motion picture, *Great Expectations*, based, as you know, on Charles Dickens' novel of that same title. If you have seen the picture you will probably agree that it is unusually good. There are things in it that are good to remember.

It is the story, as you may know, of a lad who befriended an escaped convict. The lad was later apprenticed to a blacksmith but was honored by a visit from a London lawyer who disclosed the fact that the young fellow had come into "great expectations." A wealthy benefactor was going to have the young man brought up as a gentleman, with handsome provision for his future. It comes as a considerable surprise later that the young man's benefactor is the old man

whom the small boy had befriended years before.

That title is very suggestive. For you have expectations—great ones—and perhaps we should think about them for a time. For they are not merely fanciful; they are *attainable* if you will set yourself to realize them and work hard enough to make them come true.

One of these great expectations is that you will make a real place for yourself in life. You have a right to that. Just now you may wish that you were out of the service and really established in the work of your choice. But you should remember that you may turn some of your present experiences to good use when you find your way back into civilian life again.

Do not forget that the G. I. Bill of Rights has some handsome provisions for the education of those who have worn the uniform. By all means, take full advantage of such opportunities, for they will help you to open gates that you may not be able to enter without this help. You owe it to yourself to take full advantage of every such opportunity to train yourself for a place in life where you can serve your generation with distinction. Not only will you be able to earn more because of such education but you will also find greater happiness in being able to do work for which you are especially fitted.

This should be a great expectation for you. And you should try hard to make it come true.

Another great expectation is that you shall find real happiness in life. But do not forget that you should not expect to be happy in any selfish way. True happiness is more likely to come to you if you think of the welfare and the happiness of others as well as of yourself. "No man liveth unto himself alone." You should not expect to find happiness yourself unless you help others to find it too. Do not be selfish about it. Jesus tried hard to show us that the unselfish sharing of life will bring the highest returns. That is as it should be. That was the way He did it. It is the best way for us too. Try it and see!

Another great expectation will be that you will enjoy the respect of your fellows and the love of those whom you will love most. May you not be disappointed in this! But we should remember that life is sometimes very much like a looking-glass. It reflects, very often, our own attitudes, our own suspicions, our own selfishness, our own failure to be all that we should be to others whom we expect to be kind and generous to us. If we frown at some-

one, that person is likely to frown at us. If we help someone, we should not be too surprised if some day a benefactor comes, as the old man came to Pip in the picture.

Do you expect great wealth? Then you may be disappointed. For not every man can be rich. Many men do find ample returns for their labor and their planning, and you may be among those who will find large success. But do not allow yourself to be soured on life if you do not find material wealth or great fame. These, after all, are not the greatest rewards that life can give. Many a good workman and many a great man has discovered that he is big enough to rise above bitter disappointments if he must do so.

But there is one great expectation in which you need never be disappointed. It is the expectation that God will never be far from you and that He will always be your guide in the things you need most. You may blunder but if so it will not be because He has not tried patiently to get you to understand His will. You may stumble but it will not be His fault but yours. We shall need to be eager to have His direction, and we shall need moral courage to do what we sincerely feel He wishes us to do. If we fail, it is not His fault at all. But even if failures come to us, along with the joys and the successes, God will be with us.

Jesus had great expectations of God, you remember. Even when His enemies were closing in about Him in the Garden, He was certain that God was there at His side. There was never a moment when the Master had reason to doubt the presence and the unflinching love of God. His example to us should give us the certainty that we need always.

God will never fail us if we seek His presence and His guidance and try to do His will!

● *Subject for group discussion:*

FOUR MANLY QUALITIES

● *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How important is right thinking to a Christian?* (Proverbs 2:1-6; 23:7a; 24:3-5; Philippians 4:8, 9)
2. *How important is love as a Christian virtue?* (I Corinthians 13:1-13)
3. *How does love for our fellows prove our discipleship to Christ?* (John 13:34, 35; I John 3:14-19)
4. *Why is honesty so important in God's sight?* (Deuteronomy 25:13-16; Psalm 101:7; Proverbs 12:22; Romans 12:17b)
5. *Why is trust in God so important as a Christian virtue?* (Psalm 62:5-8; Matthew 21:21, 22)

● *Resource material:*

IF you were trying to list some of the chief qualities of the highest manhood, what would you name? Would they be things that lean heavily upon physical prowess or would they stress things that are virtues of the mind and of the eternal spirit that God gives us?

Henry Van Dyke left a short poem that may well help us to list a few of the things that perhaps matter chiefly in summing up the things that make a man. The poem bears the title, *Four Things to Do*, and runs as follows:

*Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true:
To think, without confusion, clearly;
To love his fellow-man sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.*

Wouldn't you agree that these four virtues are tremendously important? Clear, straight thinking; brotherly love; honesty in motive and action; trust in

God. If you and I have those virtues we shall be strong for the things that life may hurl against us.

Take this matter of clear, straight thinking. It is a mark of a man and not of a beast. It implies reason; it requires the tossing away of prejudices that too easily clutter up our minds and put a bar in the way of straight thinking. A beast at bay can be clever and shrewd and calculating; a Christian man will move from one point to another in clear and unbiased reasoning, trying to be fair and just. A man's mind is the home of his intelligence. It is a mark of the capacity that God gave him so that he might try to think His thoughts and reach out after Him in prayer and in righteous living. We should never forget that character has a vital relationship to clear and noble thought. Said Thoreau: "How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seedtime of character?"

But Henry Van Dyke moved on quickly to something else—to speak of man's capacity for brotherly-love. This, even more than intelligence and reason, sets a man above a beast in God's sight. The classic thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians attests to Paul's conception of the extreme importance of this virtue in our Christian lives. We can hardly over-estimate its importance. It is of vast importance in our human society today. It reaches over into the matter of all social betterment. It touches every case of human need. Every advance in social welfare sprang from this virtue in human hearts. It challenges us now to face its implications in the vital matter of an enduring peace for our world. We can never make our shores safe with atom bombs alone, unless we draw all nations closer to each other and to us by fostering brotherly-love. Inscribed beneath the bust of Booker T. Washington in the Hall of Fame are these true words:

The highest test of the civilization of a race is its willingness to extend a helping hand to the less fortunate.

Yet our America—and all the rest of the world—is seared and scarred by intolerance. It is a wise word that is credited to Harold E. Stassen: "A man who kindles the flames of intolerance in America is lighting a fire underneath his own home."

Let a poor fellow feel, however, that you believe in him and you can scarcely imagine how much help you are giving him. Give a man courage and faith in himself and you can hardly guess how far he will go. Thomas Carlyle said, "Tell a man he is brave, and you help him to become so." That is a wise word to follow when you find someone who needs encouragement and hope.

But Henry Van Dyke moves on from brotherly-love to another desirable vir-

tue—honesty in motives and in actions. There is a kind of basic, moral integrity at the center of all of our relationships to men and to God. Jesus thoroughly despised every form of fraud. He knew how out of place it was in any human relationship and in our higher relationship to God, our Father.

Now we come to the fourth and highest of the manly virtues that Henry Van Dyke named—trust in God. For human brotherhood is not enough to satisfy our deepest spiritual hungers. It was F. D. Maurice who said, "There is no brotherhood for human beings if there is not a common fatherhood." But there *is* such a fatherhood and it was Jesus who told us so plainly about it that we can never forget it. And it is this Father whom we trust when we trust God. We should remember that we trust only those whom we love—or at least respect. We can never trust anyone whom we may hate. We can never trust someone whom we despise or suspect. So trust goes beyond mere belief. Trust goes beyond faith. Trust is more than a merely intellectual exercise. It reaches into the realm of the spirit. It involves confidence as well as love. When we trust God we are *sure* that He is powerful as well as good and kind. With that confidence we can pull ourselves away from fear, and set ourselves to the task of trying to live our lives at their very best. For God will be with us, to give strength and guidance and sureness for every uncharted path. We can remember too that He made us for eternal life, and we are really preparing for that. "He that lives to live ever," said William Penn, "never fears dying."

If we trust God fully, as we should, we shall not fear what the future may bring us. This high form of courage will do credit to any man in any hour.

- *Subject for group discussion:*

A PERSPECTIVE FOR CHRISTMAS

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What great Christmas gift should we remember in our giving?* (John 3:16)
2. *How do you compare these two references to the birth of Christ?* (Luke 2:11; John 1:14)
3. *In what ways can you and I "go even unto Bethlehem" this year in our observance of Christmas?* (Luke 2:15)
4. *What gifts can you and I bring to our Lord that are better than gold and frankincense and myrrh?* (Matthew 2:11)
5. *How can our highest ideals concerning Christmas help us to live better every day?* (I John 4:11, 20, 21)

-
- *Resource material:*

SHOULD we think of Christmas as a time to receive or a time to give—or a time when we should try to *share* with others?

Would you say that our attitude toward Christmas gives a good idea as to how far we have come along the way to adulthood?

Can you recall a time when you thought only of what you would receive at Christmas? Do you remember how old you were when you first were more concerned about what you would *give* to others, rather than what they would give you? Isn't that one of the hopeful landmarks of your young life?

We can all remember how we looked forward as young children to the coming of the Fourth of July. It was largely a time when we thought of fun and excitement. We saved our money for fire-works and fire-crackers. It was a time for noise and celebration. But we think now in terms of solemn duties

rather than of din. We face stern tasks that call for loyalty to the ideals of liberty, justice and good citizenship. We are not so much concerned with spending our money for fire-crackers as we are with saving it for required taxes. For taxes are more valuable in the cause of good government than any amount of noise-makers.

Should we not recognize that our citizenship in what Jesus called the Kingdom of Heaven—God's righteous rule among men—can make similar demands upon us, with consequences just as sobering and results just as wholesome and helpful for all men about us?

Should we, for instance, make any change in our usual Christmas giving because of the present plight of men and women and children overseas? Isn't this a year when charity may well be a real part of our Christmas giving?

We can teach young children to have a share in relieving the distress of

others. Last Christmas the children above the Primary classes in a Church School were told of the desperate need of other children for food and overseas, with the result that these Church School children voted to give up their usual Christmas candy so that other children might have the simple but wholesome food that they so desperately needed.

Not long ago some normal, average children heard that a man had returned to his home in their neighborhood after an operation in a hospital. Without any coaching from their elders, these children saved money from their allowances and bought a potted plant for the convalescing neighbor. Wouldn't you say that these children are on the way to adulthood in this matter of being a Christian with our money? Wouldn't you say that it is well to teach children to share while still very young?

But Christmas should challenge us not only to giving but to living—unselfish giving and unselfish living. We miss much of the meaning of Christmas unless we understand that it is resplendent with God's love for us—the least and the last of us—and that it shines with the glorious challenge to make our lives as selfless as we can possibly make them.

Gifts are relative. Jesus taught us that in the splendid story of the widow's mite. Many an inexpensive gift this year will remain forever in some child's memory because he will see it not as a thing paid for in mere dollars and cents but as something that literally shines with the sincere and unbought love of a dear one whom he loves.

All of us have it in our power to give things much more valuable than mere gold and frankincense and myrrh. We can give our sincere sympathy to someone who needs sympathy more than a material gift. We can give our loyalty

to someone who needs that. We can give our loyalty to some great cause that needs our help.

And of course there is no cause more deserving of your loyalty than the cause of Christ and His Church. You have a natural loyalty to the country that you serve. The uniform that you wear is a badge of that loyalty. But unless Americans bear a loyalty also to the God who fashioned all of us for His glory, we are in a bad way. If this old world is to survive its hates and the awful scourge that is latent in the latest scientific instruments of warfare, we shall survive only by recognizing that our supreme loyalty is to God. Mere nationalism cannot save us. The Russians have that. So have the Germans. We face a solemn duty to give our loyalty—all of us, of every nation—to God, who is the Father of all of us. *This*—that we have thought was religion only—may yet prove to be our only hope of surviving with any kind of loyalties at all! Perhaps we had better think of *this* as Christmas dawns again with all of the lovely mystery and color that has enshrouded it from our earliest childhood days!

Try to imagine that this Christmas is the first you have ever known. Suppose you had somehow never been able to celebrate Christmas before. Suppose you were limited in what you could do and in what you could buy. Would you spend your money for your enjoyment or for the helping of others? Or would your plans center not primarily about what you will give but about how you will *live*?

In return for God's great gift of His Son, why not give your life to Him, if you haven't already done that? *Give*, so that you may *live* the better *always*!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

CHOOSING NEW PATHS

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why should we turn to God for help in charting our paths in the new year?* (Revelation 21:5)
2. *Why should we look for divine help every new day?* (Lamentations 3:22, 23)
3. *How does God help us to live at our best?* (Ezekiel 36:26, 27; Titus 3:4-7)
4. *Must we have an active part in charting and following the best ways that we know?* (Ezekiel 18:31; Ephesians 4:20-24)
5. *Why is it imperative for us as Christians that we live a new life?* (Romans 6:4; II Corinthians 5:17)

- *Resource material:*

THERE is something rather sobering about a new year as it dawns. It is more than a clean new page; it is a challenge to fill each of those days full of the best living we can manage to achieve. And we should remember that the year 1948 is a leap year, in which the calendar has an added day of opportunity and of challenge for us! That should make us the more anxious to make this a really outstanding year in our lives thus far!

No year—however new and challenging at the beginning—is likely to be any better than we try to make it. And every new year is a sobering reminder that we owe it to ourselves and to others to take it and make it tremendously worth-while in every way possible.

It is a sobering thought to realize that any one of us can take a new year and make it worse than any previous year that we have known. And any one of us—with the help of others, and with the help of God—can take this new year

and shape it into something unusually beautiful and helpful. But we can do this only as we take the separate days, one at a time, and live them the best we can.

It is good to remember that we should salvage some of the best things out of the old year, for we should not waste or throw away the best of the things we have known in it. There will be some things there that cost us too much, in effort and outlay, for us to toss them away lightly. We can build upon them in the new days that lie ahead of us.

In a very real sense we *are* builders as we enter upon the new year, and we should remember Longfellow's admonition to build more stately mansions of the spirit. Too often men have forgotten that, in the natural concern to provide comforts and look after temporal needs. But the needs of our eternal spirits are as real and we should never neglect them.

This new year brings us new opportunities as every year does. We can think of them as new paths. We should be eager to take paths leading in the right directions, and in this we should breathe a prayer for God's guidance. If we depend upon our own wisdom we can fail to discover and take the right paths.

I do not see how we dare to enter these new paths unless we do so with new hopes—for ourselves and our dear ones and for all the world. This new year and the ones that will immediately follow it can easily be the most crucial years we have ever known. There are some very dark clouds on our horizon as we think of the world's unrest and, in some ways, its irreligion. We are in great need of *seeking* and *finding* and *following* the will of God for all of us. We should pray and work for the coming of real peace in this divided world. Peace can *come* and *remain* only as we work with God!

Now we need to take another step and say that it is high time that we make new commitments. We should commit our way to God and try in every possible way to conform our lives to His will for us. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

One of the most sobering statements in the New Testament is this: "Behold, I make *all* things *new*." He does that because the new is *needed*. And chiefly we need a new spirit toward God and His purposes for us and for all men, both our friends and our enemies. When we have seen the repeated failure of our efforts to build a lasting peace in the world, we should be eager that God may have His way now in this realm that is so vastly important for all of us.

But surely we cannot escape the recognition of the further fact that these

new paths present us with new responsibilities for service. God's new gifts will put us under greater obligation to Him! We owe Him—and His world—the best we can offer in service for a better world and a world united in efforts for peace and for righteousness!

But we should remember a personal obligation that we face in the solemn challenge of the new year. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow gave us a stirring reminder of this obligation when he wrote these words:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

So each new year as it comes to us should be a challenge to us in two ways: it should challenge us to measure up to the stature of the men who have given us our present privileges and opportunities—and our present duties; and each new year should challenge us to leave our own heritage—and a good one—to those who shall follow us!

Ring out the old,
Ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells,
Across the snow.
The year is going—
Let him go!
Ring out the false,
Ring in the true!

—Tennyson

Batting the Breeze



SMCL REPORTS

The Ashiya Army Air Base Service Men's Christian League claims a record for attendance and accomplishments. In the five months since its organization there have not been six days that the League has not had a week-day meeting. In addition, practically all the members come to the Sunday evening service. This means that the group has been coming together every day, except for a few, for five months. Where will you find another record like this?

The main reason for this remarkable attendance record is the sheer joy of Christian fellowship. When work is over, some of the members come to the chapel until chow time. As soon as the evening meal is finished some rush back to box, play ball, or just shoot the breeze until 1815, the time for the daily meeting. The meeting always starts on time and stops on time. By having it early in the evening, it gives members a chance to go to a show or to some other meeting. For some reason, few of the members go to a movie. They seem to prefer staying for a committee meeting or hanging around wise cracking and kidding one another.

This fellowship has been something fine to behold. When a member has a birthday, the group sings "Happy Birthday" to him, and he is always given an inexpensive present. When a man goes

off or comes back from DS or is transferred, or goes home, some sort of recognition is given him. Their Saturday party or picnic has become a joyous affair to which all look forward. In the winter months they usually go to a Christian school in one of the nearby towns and enjoy a well-planned party in company with girls from the school. These parties are usually held in the gymnasium, and every minute of the time is taken up with relays, contests, circle games, singing, etc. Since it has been warm, they have been going on picnics. There is a sincere affection between the members of the League as they play and work together.

Some of the work they do is counting for the Kingdom of God. When the chaplain has to be away, they take



S.M.C.L. members at Ashiya AAB on Kyushu, Japan, find a beautiful spot in the mountains for a picnic.

charge of his services. Almost every Sunday they furnish special music for both the morning and evening services. Every day members give out tracts to Americans and Japanese and invite men to come to the League meetings, Sunday School, and chapel services. Every Sunday afternoon they have a Youth for Christ program at the school in the little town that joins the camp. From this meeting, a church has already come into being. It is growing slowly but surely. Their best work is their evening meetings. To the three Bible classes and two business meetings every week, they bring visitors who catch the joy of the others and decide to join the League. At least half of the present members have become Christians through efforts of the League members. Very often members give testimonies at services or at the Youth for Christ meetings, and invariably part of their testimony describes how much the League has helped them.

This is truly a band of young Christians who have found the joy of Christian fellowship and the pleasure of trying to advance the Kingdom. These League members prove that not only can a soldier live a Christian life, but Christian soldiers working together get a real pleasure out of serving the Lord.

*Chaplain Peter E. Cullom
8th Fighter Group
APO 929, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California*

Our SMCL Unit was organized by Chaplain Walter G. McLeod in March 1947, and is known as Port Chapel No. 1 SMCL. Officers elected at a recent meeting were: 1/Sgt. Jackson D. Smith, 489th Port Battalion, president; T/3 James W. Poulsen, Hq. Co., 2d T Major Port, vice-president; T/4 Carl L. Dean, 489th Port Battalion, program

director. Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Crook were elected senior advisors.

Our topics for discussion are taken from THE LINK. Every week a new G.I. or civilian is appointed to lead the program for the following week. Our discussions are informal, and the men take great pleasure in expressing their opinions.

Our aim is to strengthen the faith of the Christian G.I.'s and to spread God's word and Christian principles to un-Christian G.I.'s.

No, our unit is not all work and no play. We have a social every third week. Our last social was a weiner roast which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Crook. At the present our social committee is planning a picnic to Fujiyam which is the highest mountain in Japan.

Our unit, which is located in Yokohama, Japan and is a part of 2d T Major Port, does not have a charter or membership cards. At the beginning of our services we didn't feel that it was necessary, but now we wish to be united with the other units and be bound together in Christian Fellowship. We would appreciate it, if you would send us a charter and membership cards. We have approximately 40 members with an average attendance of 25 per Sunday, however we would appreciate it if you could send us some extra cards. Thanking you for your kindness, I remain.

*T/4 Carl L. Dean
Hq Det, 489th T Port Battalion
APO 503, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California*

BACKFIRE

DEAR SIR:

A few days ago I picked up a copy of the magazine you edit and glanced through the attractive and meaningful material in it. Everything was very lovely until I glanced at the jokes on the last page (probably the first thing a

great many of your readers see), and I was unpleasantly surprised to find there the type of joke that has caused so much heartache to many of our Christian friends. I am referring to the two jokes in the September issue that characterize the Negro as the person he has so often been forced to be by lack of education and economic opportunity.

The slips we all make are unintentional. We just don't think what it would be like to see an amusing caricature of ourselves on every page of jokes, even in publications put out by Christian organization. Don't you see that it is a direct contradiction of the Peace-building policy of THE LINK?

Kathy Gibbs
Perry High School
Pittsburgh 14, Pa.

DEAR MISS GIBBS:

Thank you for your letter of August 17. We wish to assure you that we have no intention of offending a member of any race through the use of jokes or other material published in our magazine.

Yes, the slips we all make are unintentional—that is the basis of any joke. I am sure that you will find reference is made to the mistakes of other nationalities, races and religions in a much greater proportion than specifically to the Negro when you read other issues of THE LINK.

Once again we thank you for your helpful criticism.

Elise C. Gardner
Assistant to The Editor

CORRECTION

The poem, *Teach Me to Love*, which appeared on page 17 of the August LINK carried the caption "Author Unknown." This verse was written by

Louise Knight Wheatley Cook, a Christian Science writer, lecturer and practitioner. The poem originally appeared in the *Christian Science Journal* which is published monthly by The Christian Science Publishing Society.

Arthur J. Todd
Mgr., Washington, D. C., Office
Christian Science Committee on
Publications

FROM CIVILIAN READERS

May I take this opportunity to express my wife's appreciation of Mr. Lintner's *Topic Talks*. His "The Essence of Religion" in the September issue brought forth an inspiring discussion during a recent meeting of her girl's Sunday School class.

David McNeil
4929 Germantown Ave.
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

I find "Requiem for the Living" by Art Holsinger, the best I have yet read in THE LINK—including all my own stories.

Frederick Hall
Berea, Kentucky

ANSWER TO CHRISTMAS
CROSSWORD ON PAGE 35

1	S	2	T	3	A	R		4	W	5	I	6	S	7	E
8	H	E	R				9	H	10	I		11	S	K	Y
12	O	N			13	I	O	T	14	A		15	Y	E	
	W		16	I	S	R	A	E	17	L				S	
		18	E	V	A				19	N	E	20	W		
		21	H	A	I				22	E	V	E			
23	E		24	H	A	25	G	26	G	A	I			27	W
28	A	29	S			30	H	I	F	S			31	M	E
32	S	E	33	A			34	N	O			35	G	A	L
36	T	A	S	K					37	N	O	E	L		



An embarrassed and blushing girl handed the clerk at the Western Union office a telegram containing the word: "Yes."

Trying to be helpful, the clerk said: "Of course you know you can send nine more words for the same price."

"I know I can," answered the girl, "b-but don't you think I'd look too anxious if I said it ten times?"

—*Boston Naval Shipyard News*

"I am a woman of few words," said the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger I mean 'Come.'"

"I am a woman of few words, too," replied the maid. "If I shake my head I mean I ain't comin'."

—*The Safer Way*

Little boy: "Mother, do fairy tales always begin 'Once upon a time'?"

Mother: "No, dear, not always. Sometimes they begin, 'My love, I may be a little late, I have the duty.'"

—*The Dope Sheet*

The perennial drunk stared at the fat lady who was standing on the broken scales with the indicator stuck at 75.

"Yipe," he gasped, "she's hollow!"

—*Army Times*

Which reminds us of the timid vet who walked into an exclusive specialty

shop and asked for a corselet for his wife.

"What bust?" asked the clerk.

"Why, nothing," stammered the vet, "it just wore out!"

—*Army Times*

The young man finally redeemed his best suit of clothes, brought them home from the pawnshop in a suitcase. While he was busy in his room, his mother, in the parlor, started to unpack the suitcase. She found the pawn ticket on the coat and called:

"John, what is this tag on your coat?"

John lost very little time in calling back, "Oh, I was at a dance last night, mother, and checked my coat."

A moment later mother came across the trousers, tagged in the same way. With a puzzled tone she asked,

"John, what kind of a dance was that?"

—*Foreign Service (Trumbull Cheer)*

Wit: "And so I told her that I loved her and that we'd be married in the summer."

Nit: "July?"

Wit: "No, I meant it."

—*Boston Naval Shipyard News*

Gal: "I'm all worn out, trying to get into this evening gown."

Guy: "But you don't look all in . . ."

Gal: "My goodness! Where?"

—*Army Times*

1st Cannibal: "The Chief has hay fever."

2nd Cannibal: "See you last night, I told him not to eat that . . . widow."

—*The Evening*

Gob: "Does this wind . . ."

Gal: "No, talk as much . . ."

Churches and Agencies

Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON ARMY AND NAVY CHAPLAINS

and the work of the

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

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Associate Reformed Presbyterian	Methodist
Baptist, National Conv. U. S. A., Inc.	Methodist, African M.E.
Baptist, National Conv. of Amer.	Methodist, African M. E. Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Mennonite
Baptist, Southern	Moravian
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Christian Reformed	Pilgrim Holiness
Christian Science	Presbyterian Cumberland
Christian and Missionary Alliance	Presbyterian, United
Church of God	Presbyterian, U.S.
Church of the Nazarene	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Churches of God in N. A.	Primitive Methodist
Congregational Christian	Protestant Episcopal
Disciples of Christ	Reformed in America
Evangelical Free Church of Amer.	Salvation Army
Evangelical and Reformed	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Congregational	Swedish Baptist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
Evangelical and Free Brethren	United Brethren O.C.
Free Methodist	Universalist
Friends (Quakers)	Wesleyan Methodist



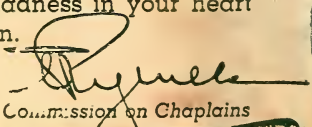
A Christmas Message



WILLIONS of persons around the world will again this year be sending Christmas messages. These will be written in many languages. They will be couched in fine phrases and flowing sentences. They will be written in prose and poetry. Some of them will be set to music. Though some will be penned by the world's best writers, not one will excel in beauty or meaning that first recorded Christmas message—"I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." No one has yet been able to improve on these brief sentences of promise and cheer, nor has anyone in a search for gifts of value and beauty for loved ones at Christmas time found anything to compare with God's gift to each of us—"a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Many who read this will be far from loved ones who are so much a part of the cherished Christmas celebration. This need not seriously mar your Christmas, for travel where you may you cannot be separated from the love and influence of One born in a manger so many centuries ago.

When, therefore, we say "Merry Christmas" to you we hope we will convey something more than cordial good will, something more than the wish that your Christmas will be festive and bright. Our hope is that Christmas Day for you may glow from joy and gladness in your heart because our Christ was born.



Director, The General Commission on Chaplains





